

SPY

Dumb

NEW YORK NEWSCASTERS: TELLING IT LIKE IT ISN'T

Dim

CIVIL SERVANTS: OUR EXAM FOR SUBWAY TOKEN CLERKS

Silly

EGGHEAD-FOR-HIRE: MR. CAROLINE KENNEDY

... & Smart

MODELS: SPY FOUND THE SIX WITH BRAINS



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georges
marciano

This One



1QCW-WF6-A4QD

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NAKED CITY

Mets vs. Yanks
David Dinkins's



and women's magazines vs. themselves; an L.A. honcho's hands-off policy and art kick; sycophants at the Times, entrepreneurs on the sidewalk and Chinese writing on the wall. Plus the Nancy Reagan-Betsy Bloomingdale correspondence and our very wicked (and prescient) Wall Street scorecard. 10

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At times a bucolic paradise



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to everyone who
in New York:

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C A R B O N E L L

C L O T H E S

FOR

NOW

YES

BETSEY

BUNKY

CHARIVARI

NINI

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IN SELECTED THEATRES

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The sap rises in April, right?

THE SAP RISES IN APRIL, RIGHT?

SO THAT OUGHT TO MEAN THE PRESIDENT'S POPULARITY RATING WILL BEGIN INCHING back up this month. You heard it here first: we'll be seeing a backlash of sympathy for the cute old guy, pep rallies in his honor on the Washington Mall, a quick revisionist consensus that he really was a very, very special leader after all. And then maybe the Franklin Mint can issue a limited-edition Reagan toy that electronically responds to the *real* Reagan when he appears on television. Do you love it? We love it. We think it'll tap nicely into the national yearning for a second childhood. ☀ On the other hand, the real Reagan was not

appearing on television much for a while. The real Reagan, in post-op hibernation, was not responding electronically.

The real Reagan was not responding. In fact, White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater came right

out and admitted that he and the other handlers were doing everything possible

to keep Reagan away from reporters entirely. As SPY went to press, the president's men had kept him officially mute for 13 weeks. Why? "It's arbitrary," Fitzwater said, "and that's the way it is." But *why*, Dad? Maybe we were mistaken about the charm of second childhoods. ☀ This

new GOP suicide craze is *disgusting*, and we mean that very sincerely. First Budd Dwyer, the Pennsylvania state treasurer and bribe-witness his death. (Now, responding to television.) Then poor, silly Bud McFarlane, despondent over botching an ill-conceived Irani détente, botches his ill-conceived suicide. The sap may be rising, but the buds are dropping. We only hope to God they've got *Late Night's* Larry "Bud" Melman and Met Bud Harrelson under round-the-clock supervision. And just to be on the safe side, we're selling our Anheuser-Busch stock. ☀ This dud's for you. Mario Cuomo, in order to reassure his supporters, promised to keep his boy, Andrew "Ratface Andy" Cuomo, out of his presidential campaign. Then, days later, Cuomo



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announced there would be no campaign. Ratface Andy must be feeling hurt: *I'm not running for president, son, but if I were, I wouldn't allow you to help.* It was gratuitously hurtful, if you want our opinion.

Scandal, such splendid scandal. We get a rush of contentment from each week's new flock of white-collar indictments. After wondering for the past manic money decade if perhaps we should have gone to business or law school (a 32-year-old investment banker we know earns twice as much as everyone at SPY combined), we now feel vindicated—or fairly sure, anyhow, that federal marshals are not about to come handcuff and humiliate us. And the market is heartened, too: the arrest of each trader sends the Dow-Jones average up 13 points. Some warm spring evening soon, let's all have a few too many Cam-paris, form a mob and head down to Wall Street murmuring curses and carrying inch-thick hemp rope.

The novelist Joyce Carol Oates, scandalously prolific (nearly 40 books at last count), has now sold some of her surplus manuscript pages (*Lives of the Twins*) to Simon and Schuster under a pseudonym. Fiction writing is always a kind of elaborate lying anyway, they say, but why did Ms. Oates explain herself with adolescent girl talk? "I wanted to escape from my own identity," she said. The deceit made her feel young again. It's everywhere, an epidemic: second childhood.

And on both coasts. According to a *Wall Street Journal* profile, Steven Spielberg has become an E.T. impersonator: at the end of a telephone conversation with his pal Steve Ross, the fishy, ruthless boss of Warner Communications, Spielberg said, "Bye. I love you." *Bye. I love you.*

Here in New York, even mobsters are behaving like boys—boys, naturally, of the bullying, hair-pulling type. At the trial of Italian-American Howard Beach businessman John Gotti, defense lawyers put a bank robber named Matthew Traynor on the stand to discredit Assistant U.S. Attorney Diane F. Giacalone, a prosecutor in the case. The prosecutor is a "lowlife," the bank robber said under oath in federal court. "She told me she didn't like them because years earlier, they had ridiculed her for being skinny, when she used to walk through the neighborhood where they hung out."

Second childhood? Forget we ever mentioned it. ☺

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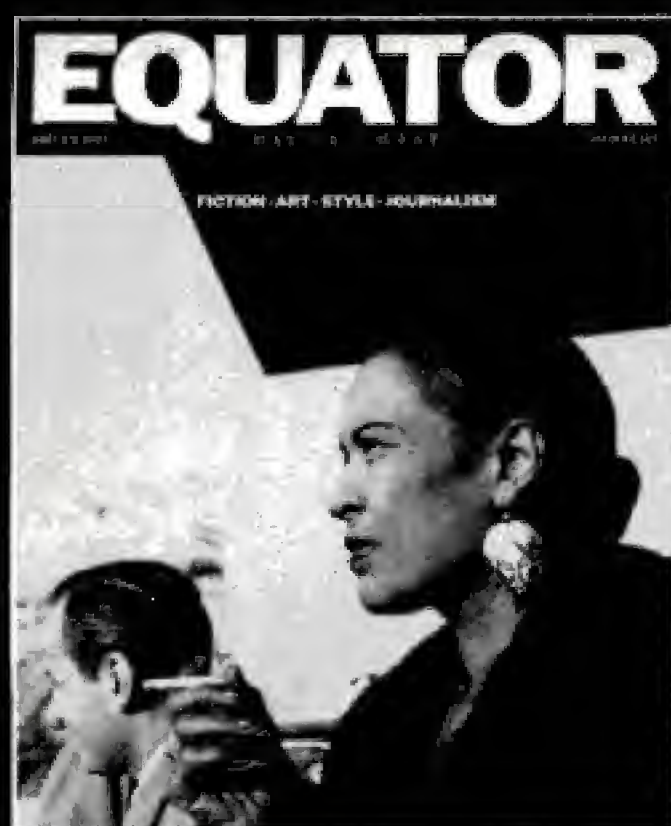
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DEAR EDITORS **T**ell the tasteless jerk [responsible for "Holiday Super Bowl: Christmas vs. Chanukah," December] that neither my executive assistant nor I will tolerate your bumptious treatment of either of our religions. Cancel the subscription.

*J. Stearns
New York*

DEAR EDITORS **I** am a Jewish, 22-year-old female who is able to find humor in most things. I laugh at Howard Stern, Jewish jokes and many other forms of amusement that some people might deem offensive. However (you knew that was coming, didn't you?), Jonathan Dellheim's "Holiday Super Bowl" was a lame swipe. I imagine Mr. Dellheim is a very-nice-but-insecure Jewish fellow who feels he must apologize for his Jewishness with self-deprecating "humor."

*Lisa Linzer
Stamford, Connecticut*

DEAR EDITORS **A**s one editor to another (or others, as the case may be), I want to tell you how offensive I found your "Holiday Super Bowl."

Very.

I don't share the view that one must be wholly solemn in approaching religion. But neither need one rely on vulgar stereotypes in pursuing humor. Perhaps there is a fine line that separates irreverence from boorishness; Mr. Dellheim has plainly crossed from one into the other.

*Leonard Fein
Editor in chief, Moment
Cambridge, Massachusetts*

DEAR EDITORS **W**e were going to kill ourselves because there are so many ugly magazines, but then we looked at SPY. Now we live month to month.

To see SPY on the newsstand is to see a beauty mark on a buttock otherwise strewn with unsightly boils. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

*Chip Kidd and Barbara deWilde
New York*

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our magazine is great! I love your snide attitude and was particularly impressed by Edward Zuckerman's article comparing the Eastern shuttle and cattle cars ["Like a Cattle Car," December]. This is *vital* information.

*Martin Morse Wooster
Washington editor, Harper's
Silver Spring, Maryland*

DEAR EDITORS **I** find SPY coma-inducing.

Details? Well, only picking fawning letters for Letters to SPY. Meet the Press is unbelievably stupid (I mean, do your young reporters think they're satirizing the journalists they interview? They just sound like idiots, and not even as funny as *MAD*). The Brats piece ("Brats are... Brats are... Brats are..."—big deal; at least tell us a couple of anecdotes to substantiate the claims) tells us nothing except that Paul Rudnick presumes that he isn't a brat and is, in fact, superior to them in some way. The story was a lot of unsupported, snotty opinion. In fact, it sounded very much like it was written by a brat. In fact, your whole magazine reeks of Bratdom.

What was good? Separated at Birth?, "Four on the Floor, Cowering" and Rosy Hall's cleavage. Period.

Oh, yeah, and like, does Melik Kaylan know how to string together thoughts? You couldn't tell by his wee article.

*Peter Basch
New York*

DEAR EDITORS **B**ravo, you certainly earned the name on your cover by printing the masthead of our magazine [January/February].

You might be amused to note that its impact was twofold: first, most of us had to admit that we didn't know exactly what our co-workers did for a living, let alone what departments they worked in, and, two, in the face of the first, our office manager was forced to draw up a new list of employees just to keep up with your information.

Thank you for a hearty laugh.

*A New Yorker "reporter-at-large"
New York*

DEAR EDITORS **I** congratulate you on the high quality of your magazine. I have only one suggestion regarding possible improvement. This section contains far too many letters that are uncomplimentary, whining or corrective in nature. It would make for far more enjoyable reading if those with nothing nice to say were denied a forum.

*Billy Kimball
New York*

DEAR EDITORS **I** offer three additions to your list of "Scary Things" [January/February]:

Seeing Phil Collins on the street

Hearing Herr Zeckendorf has bought property in your neighborhood

Having your date ask to meet for a late drink at Dorrian's Red Hand

*J. P. Slavin
New York*

DEAR EDITORS **I** have found overwhelming evidence in a recent *New York Times* review that the QV restaurant has been using SPY's Nouvelle-O-Matic ["Nouvelle-O-Matic: The Last Food Guide You'll Ever Need," January/February] as its guide. Some selections from the QV menu: wild-rice sushi; a terrine of artichokes and cepes in

LETTERS TO SPY

aspic; a salad of mixed greens, corn kernels and homemade potato chips in a walnut dressing; wild-rice pancakes with crème fraîche and caviar; medallions of venison on a sweet puree of celery root; Dover sole in a sauce of calf's feet and oysters; and veal with avocado and champagne sauce.

*Danica Kombol
New York*

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime phone number. ☺

N

AKED CITY

f THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

THIS-CITY-IS-A-JUNGLE DEPARTMENT: MEET THE BINGO SQUAD

Bingo may seem like a straightforward game, but in reality it is a murky affair full of traps for the unsuspecting gambler. The New York City Department of Consumer Affairs maintains a Division of Bingo and Games of Chance, the purpose of which is to protect the high rollers who play these games.

Complaint 403368, against the Church of St. Emeric, Manhattan

On the mean streets of Alphabet City, St. Emeric was accused of allowing two unauthorized workers to call numbers and of conducting improper verification of bingo cards. In response, the pastor wrote that when "the irregularities" occurred, he was on a three-week vacation, his first in a year and a half, and that his replacement, a 75-year-old retired priest, was responsible for the problem because he allowed two lunchroom workers to volunteer to "relieve the overworked caller and assistant." St. Emeric was found guilty and fined \$100.

Complaint 404084, against the Dad's Club of Our Lady Star of the Sea, Staten Island
A "Bingo Squad" inspector visited the Dad's Club and found six violations: a bingo worker wasn't wearing his badge; winning cards weren't verified in front of a disinterested party; the only license on the premises had expired; there was a shortage of \$164.50 in the till for the sale of bingo books; there was an excess of \$147.50 in jackpots; and there were seven unauthorized workers. The Dad's Club was fined \$425.



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD Celebrities Mentioned During February

Robert Gottlieb4
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Audrey Hepburn4
Barbra Streisand4
Claudette Colbert3
Marlene Dietrich3
Hedy Lamarr3
Diane Sawyer3
William Shawn3
Frank Sinatra3
Barbara Walters3
Ayatollah Khomeini	..2
Rupert Murdoch2
Adolf Hitler1
Mookie Wilson1

OUR REGULAR WALL STREET SCORECARD

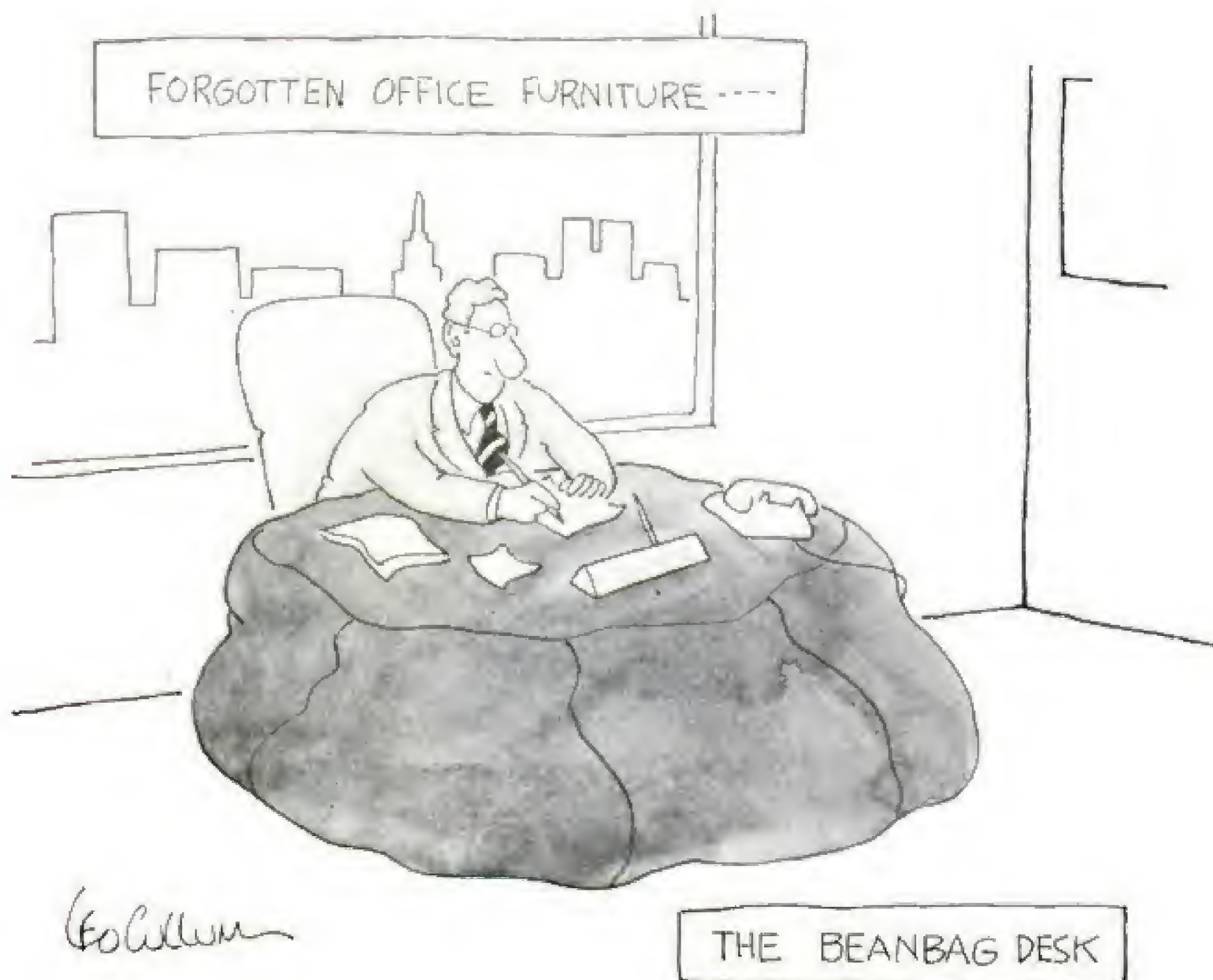
It's always a shame when a few rotten apples spoil the fun for everyone. Sadly, because of the Boesky revelations, the public believes that Wall Street is thoroughly rotten. It simply isn't so. We prepared the lists below to show that many ruthless capitalists do play fair. And if by some mischance a few more people should slip into the left-hand column by being indicted or charged with securities crimes, remember—an indictment doesn't necessarily mean these people are guilty. It just means the government and a grand jury firmly believe they are. That's all.

MAJOR FINANCIERS AND TRADERS CHARGED WITH SECURITIES CRIMES

Dennis B. Levine
*Drexel Burnham
Lambert Inc.*
Ivan F. Boesky
*Ivan F. Boesky
& Company L.P.*
Robert M. Wilkis
Lazard Frères & Company
Ira B. Sokolow
Shearson Lehman Brothers
David S. Brown
Goldman, Sachs & Company
Michael Davidoff
*Ivan F. Boesky
& Company L.P.*
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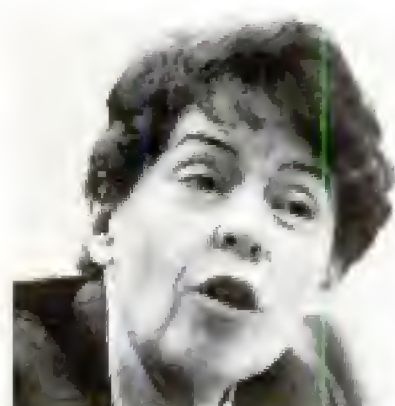
MAJOR FINANCIERS AND TRADERS NOT CHARGED WITH SECURITIES CRIMES

Sid Bass
Sam Belzberg
Asher Edelman
James Goldsmith
Carl Icahn
Irwin Jacobs
Boyd Jefferies
Fred Joseph
Carl Lindner
Lowell Milken
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Ronald Perelman
T. Boone Pickens
Sanford Sigoloff
Saul Steinberg



THE BEANBAG DESK

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



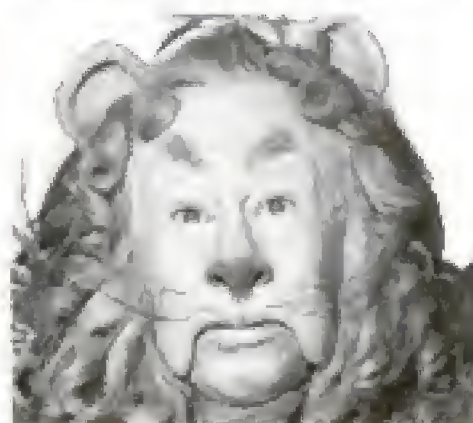
Jeane Kirkpatrick . . .



and Bobby Ray Inman?



George Shultz . . .



and the Cowardly Lion?



Neil Sedaka . . .



and Ron Perelman?

THE OBJECT



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YOU PROBABLY THINK THIS STORY'S ABOUT YOU

I had read most of the trade magazines in the waiting room of Mr. Hollywood Power Guy's office before I was finally ushered into his presence. I can't tell you the name of this terrifying eminence; I can't even tell you precisely what he does for a living. That's the whole point of the story.

Mr. HPG had been recommended to me as an authority on the subject about which I was writing. I don't think I can even mention the subject—not if I ever want to work again, anyway. When I arrived in Mr. HPG's immense Century City office—I hope I'm not taking liberties here—I found a small man with thin hair and tight skin, a man who wore a silk shirt and no sport jacket. As I explained the reason for my presence his look, at first merely impatient, changed to incredulous, and he cut me off.

"I never talk to journalists. Everyone knows that. The other day the *Los Angeles Times* called up, and I didn't talk to them." Why in the world, then, he asked, should he talk to me?

I had explained to his secretary who I was and what I wished to discuss, and she had scheduled an appointment. I had wasted time in his anteroom, and now I had killed half a morning. All this I explained to Mr. Hollywood Power Guy.

Apparently he had thought that I was a Wall Street analyst; he occasionally condescended to speak to analysts. The mistake was his, but the tough luck was mine. "Why should I talk to the press? Do you *realize* the position we occupy in the [can't say which] industry? We put together *one-third* of the deals in [can't say]," he said, sneering at the idea that he should jeopardize his private power for the sake of publicity.

Of course, I understood. But here I was. Perhaps he could speak of non-business matters, off the record?

"Why should I believe that you'll keep my name out of the magazine?"

I pointed out that I was an honorable person, one who didn't break promises. In retrospect, I see this was like trying to sing lullabies to the deaf.

Then he had an inspiration. "I guess I can just call up [my boss at the time, an HPG in his own right]." I tried to dissuade him from this course, but the prospect of blackmailing me had reassured him.

We began our disjointed conversation, most of which consisted of him ridiculing my lack of show business savvy. Periodically he interrupted himself to warn me against printing his name. I repeated my pledge. After providing one particularly innocuous bit of information, he studied me menacingly for several minutes. Then he spoke. "I want to tell you that if you *ever* put my name in this article—"

I held my breath, thinking, *He can't be about to say what I think he's about to say.* I was wrong.

"If you put my name in this article," he said, "*you'll never interview anyone in this town again.*"

It was a Hollywood Moment. This small man in a big office had taken the archetypal B-movie threat and adapted it for use with a journalist. If it *had* been a B-movie, a shadow cast by the venetian blind would have slanted across his face.

Then again, Hollywood *is* a B-movie. Fantasies are close to the surface, and naked displays of ambition and aggression are hardly considered bad manners. Hollywood is said to have grown more "professional" over the last decade or so—and those who run it, more like corporate stewards and less like arbitrary plutocrats. Don't believe it. The only difference is that power has passed from the old moguls to people like Mr. Power Guy. But of course, I can't tell you what he does. —James Traub

f
THE FINE PRINT

(continued)

Complaint 404556, against Our Lady of Solace Home School Association, Brooklyn
The Home School Association was found guilty of having two unauthorized workers at its March 15, 1986, "bingo occasion" and was fined \$25 per worker.

Complaint 411072, against St. Cyril Methodius and St. Raphael Church, Manhattan
An audit of the church's books for the period from January 1, 1984, to June 30, 1986, resulted in charges of five violations of the bookkeeping and control provisions of the law. At a hearing on December 16, 1986, the church replied that the accounts had been in the care of a priest who, on a visit home to Yugoslavia, had been seized by communists. The church was found guilty and fined \$250.

Complaint 412367, against the Holy Name Society of St. Rocco, Brooklyn
A Bingo Squad inspector found no evidence that, per an anonymous complaint, multicolored balls were being used.

Complaint 412483, against the Pelham Parkway Babe Ruth League, the Bronx
A Bingo Squad inspector was approached by a worker at a "bingo occasion" and was asked to purchase chances in a 50/50 raffle, four for a dollar—a violation of the law. The inspector bought four. Someone then informed the seller of the identity of the inspector. The seller then retreated from sight. The person in charge of the event denied knowing the worker. A hearing is forthcoming.

Complaint 412487, against Magen David Yeshivah, Brooklyn
The Bingo Squad received an anonymous complaint that ladies' clothing was being sold on the premises. An inspector found no evidence but advised the yeshiva of the complaint and the law.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE NOT NECESSARILY FREE

People don't mind paying a little bit extra to live in Manhattan—such as \$1.05 for 66 cents' worth of stamps at the convenient corner stationery store. But New Yorkers also hand over cash just to secure simple pleasures—even basic rights—that most Americans take for granted.

WATER

Try asking for water at David's Cookies on Madison and 85th Street. They will charge you 10 cents and insist that *the dime is for the cup*—and yet, perversely, they will refuse requests to pour the water into your hands. David Liederman, founder of the chain, offered the following absolutely plausible explanation: "Maybe it's because a large number of robberies in the stores are generated by people coming in and asking for a glass of water and then sticking a gun at the manager's head."

THE STARS

They belong to everyone, according to the song; but skyscraper lights preclude free stargazing in Manhattan. If you can't go another day without seeing Betelgeuse, you'll just have to pay \$3.75 for the Hayden Planetarium "Sky Show" at the American Museum of Natural History.

AIR

You can breathe a cheap sigh of relief: respiration is free in New York (disregarding the \$69 everyone shells out for a humidifier). But some gas stations have decided that you don't give away something for nothing, even when that something is nothing. The Amoco on Eighth at 110th Street and the Shell on Amsterdam at 181st Street are two of the "service" stations that charge 25 cents to fill a tire.

RUNNING

Who would pay to run in the park? At least 2,000 people a year would. For \$50, Bob Glover can reacquaint you with a mysterious activity that in childhood seemed as simple and natural as putting one foot in front of the other. Glover's ten-week course, sponsored by the New York Road Runners Club, includes such way-out practices as "stretching and relaxation exercises, indoor warm-up and cool-down [and] outdoor running," according to the brochure. Advanced runners don't get off scot-free, either. While many city marathons require a fee when runners apply for a number, the New York City Marathon charges you \$3 just for requesting an application. Sending it in for consideration—and probable rejection—costs an additional \$15. But it's never a total loss for the race's annual 60,000 applicants: the \$18 investment buys a lot of conversation over at the Central Park Reservoir.

In many parts of the city, industrious young New Yorkers obsessed with keeping the city clean will wash your car's windshield for 50 cents while you wait for the light to change.

TELEVISION

Not the old "We all pay for television, because the advertisers pass the costs down to the consumer" argument. Unless you get cable (\$23.76 for installation, \$12.95 a month for basic service), you won't even be able to *see* the advertisements.

KEY MONEY

Whenever you move into a new rental apartment, you will most likely be obliged to pay key money. In most cities it runs between \$3 and \$4 a copy. In New York, plan on between \$2,000 and \$10,000.

WALKING THE DOG

There are two approaches, and both cost you. One is to pay \$50 a week and have a professional dog walker relieve you of the chore of relieving your dog. Or you can do it yourself, using (1) *paper towels* (cost, half a cent per sheet, or at least 2.5 cents per walk); (2) *Baggies* (cost, about 5 cents per walk; usually coupled with the paper towel method); (3) *newspapers* (cost, 30 cents and up); (4) *pooper scoopers* (cost, \$6.99). If you don't use any of these methods and you get caught, it costs \$50.

WAITING IN LINE

Time is money, and no agencies in the developed world waste more of yours than the Rockefeller Center passport office and the Department of Motor Vehicles—places open only during working hours on weekdays. New Yorkers may avoid the rigmarole by engaging a professional "waiter" for \$12 to \$20 per hour to do the waiting for them.

PARKING THE CAR

Even if you can find a side street without meters, you can't park for free. For \$100 per month, your increasingly wealthy doorman will move your car daily to comply with alternate-side-of-the-street-parking regulations.

PUBLIC TENNIS COURTS

This sounds as if it should be free. After all, it has the word *public* in it. Yet a season's permit to the city's courts costs \$30. A single guest pass is \$4.

ADMISSION TO ALL OF THE ABOVE FOR

OUTER-BOROUGH RESIDENTS

Generally runs \$1 to \$2, depending on bridge or tunnel used.

—Nell Scovell

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

April may put you in mind of showers and fools and tax forms, but the wizened skippers who pilot boats around the New York harbor make their own associations. Each year, the first warm week of the month is designated Floaters Week. The same vernal breezes that lure New Yorkers into Central Park for premature, muddy picnics call forth the lazy stiffs that have been lying beneath the Hudson and East rivers

all winter. It seems that mild temperatures activate bacteria in the frozen bodies, which then bloat with gas and bob to the surface to greet the new season. Buzz O'Keeffe, owner of the fashionable River Café in Brooklyn, says that "fresh bodies," usually wearing blue



jeans, turn up next to the restaurant every so often. Once a young female floater eluded the Coast Guard's retrieval efforts and drifted underneath the restaurant while lunch was being served. "Depending on what type of animal it is—be it a dog, cat or human—they just start coming up," says a Coast Guard petty officer who fishes floaters out of the harbor professionally. "What do they look like? You



ever see the Pillsbury Doughboy?" On a more serious note, he adds, "Floaters is a slang term. We refer to them as 'dead bodies,' to try to give the individual as much respect and courtesy as possible." —Dana Cowin

LOST IN TRANSLATION

Empire Szechuan Garden, Empire Szechuan Gourmet, Empire Szechuan Paradise, Hunan Royal, Hunan Garden . . . Chinese restaurant names merge in the mind after a while. To the untutored eye, the names may seem like variations on a limited theme. But if we read the Chinese characters on the restaurants' signs, we'd think otherwise—they don't necessarily correspond to the restaurants' names. A brief guide:

RESTAURANT	SIGN	TRANSLATION
Hunan Balcony (2596 Broadway)	喜臨門	LUCK-APPROACHING DOOR
Hunan Royal (2519 Broadway)	鴻運樓	GREAT-LUCK BUILDING
Szechuan West (2656 Broadway)	翁家園	HOUSE OF WONG
Dragon East (892 Amsterdam)	龍舟	DRAGON BOAT
Hunan Taste (2270 Broadway)	玉樓東	GEM ESTABLISHMENT EAST
Dynasty (2836 Broadway)	金城	GOLDEN CITY
Wok On First (1217 First Avenue)	旺園	BOUNTIFUL GARDEN
Uncle Tang (227 East 45th Street)	山玉飯店	MOUNTAIN-JEWEL EATING PLACE

GRAND PRIZE: Duck Heaven (2536 Broadway), whose awning in Chinese translates into CELEBRATION PARTY FOLLOWING SUCCESS IN THE LOCAL CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION. Duck Heaven recently went out of business—a result, no doubt, of declining civil service scores.

鹿鳴宴

—David Galef

f
THE FINE PRINT

(continued)

Complaint 412495, against the Rabbinical College of Queens. An anonymous complaint suggested that the college was raffling off a TV set. A Bingo Squad inspector found no substantiation of the charge but advised the college of the complaint and the law.



Complaint 500802, against the Mothers Club of Yeshiva Tifereth Moshe, Queens. The Mothers Club was accused of conducting a jackpot game that awarded more than the \$250 prize permitted. Bingo Squad inspectors conducted two random visits, when jackpots of \$125 and \$200 were awarded. The complaint was dismissed.

Complaint 500809, against the St. Stanislaus Home School Association, Queens. Responding to an anonymous complaint, a Bingo Squad inspector warned a security guard not to arbitrarily prohibit a player from entering the games, regardless of the fact that the player had been disorderly and profane at a previous "bingo occasion."

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING, PART I

Each Sunday in the *Times*, tucked below a story about water use concerns somewhere in the Northeast, the week's restaurant health code violations appear. Here are relatively more complete explanations of violations that have appeared recently in the *Times*. (Note: the restaurant violations listed here represent conditions at the time of the inspections, not those that diners will necessarily find now.)

CAFFÈ LUCCA

228 Bleecker Street. Mouse excreta were found on first inspection. Also, the previous inspection report, as well as a sign notifying patrons that they could look at the previous inspection report, were missing. On the second visit, the appropriate papers were available, but so were the mouse excreta.  

(continued)

GREEN KITCHEN RESTAURANT

1477 First Avenue

The first inspection uncovered items encrusted with old food, light bulbs unshielded against breakage, items stored in an unsanitary way, and flies. Inspectors also found a cat on the premises. The second inspection revealed that the cat had been removed from the environment . . . but that mouse excreta had been added. 🐭 🐱

BLUE NILE ETHIOPIAN RESTAURANT

103 West 77th Street

Grease-laden stove hoods and a littered kitchen floor were found on both inspections. Also, the food on the steam table wasn't hot enough. At the first inspection the lamb was 130 degrees and the gravy 60 degrees. The second time, the gravy was up to 105 degrees, but the lamb was down to 50 degrees. The temperature of both items should have been 140 degrees. 🍖

UNITED HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR ALL PEOPLE

1381 Fulton Street, Brooklyn

A permit to operate a restaurant on the premises was not available. A certification of extermination was not available. The previous inspection report from the Health Department was not available. Live and dead roaches were available. So was a freshly killed mouse. 🐭 🐱

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT

Case No. 00700

Jane Cummings v. Alice E. Mason Ltd., Phyllis Youngheart, David Murdock Et Al.

Real estate agent and toastmistress Mason was hired by Murdock to sell his apartment. "Pursuant to this agreement," the plaintiff says, "Mason, her agents, servants, and/or employees, including the defendant Youngheart, exhibited the apartment. The defendants

Note: here at the Puck Building, incoming letters addressed "Dear Bob" and "Dear Mister Shawn" appear to be running neck and neck, suggesting that New Yorker readers know exactly where they want to direct their comments. Therefore, for a short time, SPY is prepared to handle mail addressed to Robert Gottlieb or William Shawn.

DEAR MR. SHAWN,

I read with great pleasure the two-part A Reporter at Large article by [former *New Yorker* writer] Jonathan Schell about the "Gapolinskies" of Milwaukee [January 5 and 12, 1987] and their mother, father, brother, sister, brother-in-law, sister-in-law, neighbors, their houses, their neighbors' houses, their furniture, their kitchen, their jobs, their co-workers, the street they live on, the street their neighbors live on, the part of Milwaukee they live in, the weather in Wisconsin, the cars they drive, the cars they park in their front yard, the cars their neighbors drive, the food they eat, the food their neighbors eat, the food their brother-in-law eats, the food their sister-in-law eats, the food they don't eat, the food their brother-in-law doesn't eat, the food their sister-in-law doesn't eat, the beer they drink, the beer they don't drink, the politicians they like, the politicians they don't like, the politicians their brother-in-law likes, the politicians their sister-in-law likes, the politicians everybody in Milwaukee likes, the politicians nobody in Milwaukee likes, the newspapers they read, the newspapers they don't read, the newspapers their neighbors read, the newspapers their brother-in-law reads, the newspapers their sister-in-law reads, the newspapers everybody in Milwaukee reads, the newspapers nobody in Milwaukee reads, the television programs they watch, the television programs they don't watch, the television programs their neighbors watch, the television programs their brother-in-law watches, the television programs their sister-in-law watches, the television programs nobody in Milwaukee watches, the television programs their co-workers watch.

I hope Robert Gottlieb will continue in your footsteps. To that end, another A Reporter at Large series, on a Polish family from Secaucus and their mother, father, brother, sister, brother-in-law, sister-in-law, neighbors, their houses, their neighbors' houses, their furniture, their kitchen, their jobs, their co-workers, the street they live on, the street their neighbors live on, the part of Secaucus they live in, the weather in New Jersey, the cars

they drive, the cars they park in their front yard, the cars their neighbors drive, the food they eat, the food their neighbors eat, the food their brother-in-law eats, the food their sister-in-law eats, the food they don't eat, the food their brother-in-law doesn't eat, the food their sister-in-law doesn't eat, the beer they drink, the beer they don't drink, the politicians they like, the politicians they don't like, the politicians their brother-in-law likes, the politicians their sister-in-law likes, the politicians everybody in Secaucus likes, the politicians nobody in Secaucus likes, the newspapers they read, the newspapers they don't read, the newspapers their neighbors read, the newspapers their brother-in-law reads, the newspapers their sister-in-law reads, the newspapers everybody in Secaucus reads, the newspapers nobody in Secaucus reads, the television programs they watch, the television programs they don't watch, the television programs their neighbors watch, the television programs their brother-in-law watches, the television programs their sister-in-law watches, the television programs nobody in Secaucus watches, the television programs their co-workers watch, will be most interesting.

Nicholas Osgan
New York

DEAR BOB,

In December, I ordered a gift subscription to *The New Yorker*, and I looked forward to sending the magazine's holiday card on to my friends. I was stunned when it arrived (see enclosed) with the words *Seasons Greetings*, lacking the necessary apostrophe. Clearly Mr. Shawn's legendary attention to detail was not all it should be.

Goldie Cohn
Brooklyn, New York

SEASONS GREETINGS

A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION
TO

SPY welcomes letters to the editors of *The New Yorker*. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob" or "Dear Mister Shawn," c/o SPY, *The Puck Building*, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. 🐭

WHAT THE DINKINS IS ART DOING HERE?

THE SPY TRIP TIP

You're stuck way downtown, on trial for insider trading at a prestigious 100-year-old firm, the judge calls a long recess—and there's *nothing* to do. David Dinkins

understands: the Manhattan borough president has set up an art gallery in the marble hallway of his suite of Municipal Building offices.

Though visitors do not get cute little BPAG lapel pins and there is no gift shop, this gangway Guggenheim offers some singular amenities that the knowing will recognize as conceptual art. For example, the borough president's copying machine sits right in the middle of the exhibition space. And other, smaller objets d'office are intermingled with the art: staplers, telephones, an institutional coffee urn.



The most recent exhibition was a show of photographs "exploring Manhattan as a subject matter, in all its manifestations," according to a press release. The 5:00 p.m. opening reception drew



about a dozen guests—the seven exhibiting artists and a few supportive friends. Everybody enjoyed municipally financed pastries and coffee until the borough president came out of a meeting and posed for photographs with each

artist. Dinkins said that he hoped the gallery would provide artists with important exposure: "One would be amazed at the kinds of people that come through this corridor—multimillionaires involved in some development project, or multimillionaires involved in some philanthropy.... Sometime some work of art might catch the eye of somebody that might not have seen it." The gallery's theme changes every month or so. Shows in the works include "Manhattan Artists With Disabilities" and "The Art of Politics."

—Jack Barth

Manhattan Borough President's Art Gallery, Municipal Building, One Centre Street, Room 2050 (twentieth floor). Open Monday to Friday, 9:00 to 5:00.



"Fine, Mr. and Mrs....ahem... Dog. The bellboy will show you to your room."

ON THE STREET WHERE YOU GIVE

The city is crawling with would-be magnates, undiscovered stars and street corner divas. They don't have a stage or a storefront—they deliver. Blocking your path with suspect goods on the sidewalk or jolting you into alertness on the subway, they're hustlers who won't go away.

Watch New York's stealthiest in action and the hard facts of the business emerge. The work is erratic. Wages fluctuate daily. Prime markets, steady clients and lucrative gigs vanish without warning. But yo, there's good money to be made.

What follows is a highly selective eyewitness accounting of the hourly wages of some New Yorkers who work outside the office.

Per hour

Clarence Hayes, 33, singer, Lexington Avenue-Third Avenue stop on E and F trains	\$12.00
Richard Rivera, 26, vendor (sunglasses, plastic flowers, religious statues, windup dolls), 8th Street, Cooper Union	\$ 6.30
Johnny Capers, 69, musician (trumpet), Columbus Circle	\$15.00
Kaseem Allah (né James Smith), 33, musician (bongo drums), No. 4 Lexington Avenue train	\$ 2.50
"The Float Committee" (Douglas Walker, Darryle Nealy, Wayne Blizzard, Tyrone Williams, Ronald Williams, Bobby Davis), ages 14-19, breakdancers, Fifth Avenue and 56th Street	\$20.00
Chris Wallace, 25, squeegee man (car windshields), East Houston Street and Broadway	\$ 5.75
Sid Bronsky, 64, vendor (sections of Sunday's <i>New York Times</i>), outside Zabar's at Broadway and 80th Street	\$ 2.00
Bobby "Sweet Pea" Poummer, 35, take-all-comers timed-match chess player, 42nd Street	\$ 8.00
Larry Danziger, 42, singer ("gospel opera"), 57th Street near Carnegie Hall ...	\$ 0.95
Louie ("Call me Louie"), 35, vendor (pharmaceuticals), Washington Square Park	\$20.00
Hasan Abdullamuhammed, 19, vendor (oils, incense, "pamphlets of peace and salvation"), 34th Street/Penn Station	\$ 0.55

—Cynthia Battles



T H E T I M E S

De-Stalinization at the paper of record continues. As you might reasonably expect, the several months following Abe Rosenthal's departure have differed markedly from the several months previous. Such were Punch Sulzberger's orders to Max Frankel: morale was to be raised and talent was to be rewarded. No longer would brownnosing loyalty to the regime be the overriding criterion for advancement, as it had been under Rosenthal. Nowhere has this become more evident than in the *Timesmen* that make up the new court. Where Rosenthal surrounded himself during his reign of terror with the childish capricious Arthur Gelb, James Greenfield, Bill Honan and the universally despised Ed Klein, Frankel has gathered around him his longtime number-two man, Jack Rosenthal, as editorial page editor; Washington editor Craig Whitney (who had proved very popular as foreign editor and was, I might add, singled out by the Rockefeller Center Cardio-Fitness center one month for his outstanding attendance record); foreign editor Joseph Lelyveld, surely the quickest, wisest management mind at the *Times*; and deputy editorial page editor Leslie Gelb.

Frankel has been working on all fronts to win over new friends. He had a long lunch with all the senior arts critics, something Rosenthal had never done. And he continues to undo the changes wrought in the Metropolitan section by the former Metro editor, the unpopular John Vinocur. Regrettably, though, the word is that Column One will soon be abandoned altogether—which is bad news for readers of the paper. It was quirky and full of surprises, and therefore delightfully un-*Times*-like. Dull-witted, time-serving Metro reporters, it seems, had complained about Column One because it was time-consuming and because, as orthodox

Times reporters feel compelled to pronounce journalism that might actually be diverting, *it wasn't hard news*.

The realignment of loyalties at the paper has been volatile. Cultural editor Bill Honan made *his* intentions public in his embarrassing profile of Gelb in *Times Talk*, the paper's newsletter.

Not to be outdone is the legendary bum kisser Arthur Gelb, whose loyalty shift is the most abrupt. As the favorite of the Rosenthal court, he enjoyed a position that gave him the power to punish ("Did you sneeze, Arthur?" "No—was I supposed to, Abe?"). Prized more for his high fidelity rather than for his talent, Gelb has a capacity for toadying that has amazed even hardened *Times* veterans. Although Abe tried in vain to have Gelb, his minister of the interior, take his place as executive editor (when that failed, Rosenthal pushed for Vinocur), Gelb has now turned on his old friend and patron. He has apparently been telling people that he was never really *that* close to Abe, and that Abe is loopy. A recurring story has Arthur actually snubbing Abe publicly outside the *Times* building. Gelb has also been explaining, to anyone willing to listen, how close he and Frankel have always been (they *haven't*), and to prove the point he has even dug up an old photograph of the two of them taken years ago when both were working for the *Times* in Japan.

As for the other principal Rosenthal lieutenant, Sunday *Magazine* editor Ed Klein, I have heard that he begged for and received six or seven months to prove his stuff. Klein has also moved like a shot to distance himself from Rosenthal, and he, too, now says that Rosenthal was crazy. Although widely unpopular at the paper, Klein surely is the right man for the job of keeping the magazine stolid and unsurprising. He once announced to the office

that a shamefully puffy Francesca Stanfill profile on the happy marriage of Oscar de la Renta and his wife was "one of the best goddamned pieces of journalism" he had ever read. And really, the shamefully puffy recent cover profile of Didion and Dunne, "The Rewards of a Literary Marriage," was one of the best goddamned pieces of journalism we ever read, too. Kudos, Ed.

Rosenthal himself seems aloof from all the frenzied jockeying, if not somewhat removed from reality itself. His maundering, meandering On My Mind column on the op-ed page has been a twice-weekly source of high entertainment for many at the paper. (They have dubbed it Out of My Mind.) Within hours after that day's paper hits the streets, current and former reporters and editors are on the phone quoting lines to one another. The *Voice*'s Geoffrey Stokes, who has taken to calling the column I, Rosenthal, is not far off the mark. In one column, titled "The 39th Witness," I counted 1 *me*, 2 *myself*'s, 1 *mine*, 4 *my*'s and 34 *I*'s. The *I*'s have it: this is bad writing of heroic proportions. And who is to tell him how terrible it is? His enemies are too pleased, and his friends are too frightened.

And speaking of friends, Abe is making a whole lot of new ones lately, which may account for some of the distance between him and Arthur. Gelb still travels in the literary/theatrical milieu that carried his favor when he was cultural czar at the *Times*. Abe is now moving in the faster, Mortimer's/Alice Mason circuit on the arm of his main squeeze, Shirley Lord, the bosomy dirty-book writer. She plotted Abe's entry into high-profile Park Avenue society carefully. In the months prior to his retirement, tailors (but not, apparently, hairstylists) were quietly ushered into his office to begin work on the new look. —Huntley Haverstock

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

Women's Magazine Roundup

PILLOW TALK

"Minimize 'sleep wrinkles.' These ugly temporary creases are often the result of a heavy, deep sleep in which you were pressing your face into your pillow. If you sleep on your stomach or your side, minimize wrinkles by concentrating on shifting the weight of your head away from your cheek onto your ear."

—*Glamour*, December 1986, page 234

"'As you lie prone, body fluids can redistribute and accumulate around the eyes,' Dr. Elander says. To prevent this, don't bury your head in the pillows."

—*Ibid.*, page 98

"BAD HABITS TO BREAK

Going to bed with your makeup on
Getting too little sleep

Furrowing your brow, squinting, scrunching your face against your pillow—all wrinkle-promoters"

—*Mademoiselle*, January 1987, page 159

"Elevate your head with extra pillows to prevent accumulation of fluid in tissue surrounding eyes during sleep."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*, January 1987, page 93

IF YOU'RE NOT EXHAUSTED FROM
REARRANGING YOUR HEAD ALL NIGHT
"When you get up in the morning, say aloud, 'I am the most fascinating person I know.' Say it with conviction until you believe it."

—*Glamour*, December 1986, page 71

WOULD THAT BY ANY CHANCE BE MOSTLY FEMALE AMERICANS?

"A study conducted by the National Center for Health Statistics and released last year revealed that Americans over the age of 20 are getting less and less sleep as the years go by."

—*Mademoiselle*, January 1987, page 82

A WOMAN'S DAY IS NEVER DONE

"Get longer use from pantyhose by wearing damaged ones under pants or boots. When only one leg runs, you might try cutting it off and matching it with another one-legged pair. In other words, wear two pairs of panties—one attached to the right leg, the other attached to the left."

—*Woman's Day*, January 20, 1987, page 46

"Throw out pantyhose as soon as you get a run."

—*Ibid.*, page 146

—Kathleen Fury

THE BLOTTER

SPY's unofficial, highly selective account of incidents to which the New York City Police Department's specially trained rescue units responded during the five-week period ending February 15. Quotes are the police dispatchers'.

FURNITURE AND APPLIANCES

- The Bronx—"a chair in the middle of the Throgs Neck roadway"
- Queens—"a refrigerator in the road"
- Brooklyn—"five-year-old caught in a cheese machine, unconfirmed"

THE WILD KINGDOM

- Manhattan—"animal on a fence," 6th Street between Avenues C and D
- Manhattan—"a pit bull won't let anyone into the location"
- Manhattan—"a vicious cat," Avenues A to B
- The Bronx—"a large pit bull with another dog in its mouth on the scene," Fordham Road

KEYSTONE KOPS

- Manhattan—"at the scene of an armed robbery [at a jewelry store], the complainants are handcuffed"

Statistics released to SPY by Captain Joseph Raguso, commanding officer of the Central Park Police Precinct, indicate that in 1986 crime in the park dropped from the previous year in most categories. Some of the figures:

- **Robberies.** Down from 416 to 259. Summer continues to be the best time to get mugged.
- **Rapes.** There were 19 in 1985, 12 last year.
- **Burglaries.** Burglaries of what? Mostly of construction sites—the Zoo, Bethesda Fountain, Wollman Rink—and the attendant mobile trailers and temporary work buildings. Down from 31 to 22.
- **Felonious assaults.** Crimes in this category went up, from 31 to 37.
- **Grand larceny.** Down from 192 to 166.
- **Grand larceny/auto.** Those NO RADIO signs aren't working: up from 3 to 11.
- **Murder/manslaughter.** Seven in 1985, five last year.

For more information on the best places to contribute to one of these statistics, see SPY's map of Central Park crime on page 32.

—Ann C. Mathers

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THE FINE PRINT

(continued)

either jointly, severally or concurrently failed to shut off the air conditioning unit in Murdock's apartment. As a result, leakage occurred, causing damage to plaintiff's apartment [which is below Murdock's] in the amount of \$44,166." No trial date has been set.

Case No. 03320

Charles Mingus III v. Dell Publishing

The plaintiff is the son of the late jazz musician and is a musician and artist in his own right. He is suing Dell and writer Don Shewey over references made about him in Shewey's book *Sam Shepard*. In three passages, Shewey says that Shepard and Mingus used drugs rather freely. Mingus, claiming that these passages are wholly and totally false, libelous and damaging to his career, is suing for \$14 million. Dell and Shewey reply that Mingus is a public figure and that the statements were made without malice or negligence and are true. No trial date has been set.

FOOD FIGHT! FOOD FIGHT! FOOD FIGHT! (THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING, PART II)

Suppers served to inmates of Rikers Island and other New York City municipal jails:

Regular—*Salisbury steak with brown gravy, mashed potatoes, spinach, chilled purple plums, bread with margarine, iced tea or hot cocoa*

Diabetic—*1/2 cup fruit juice, 1/2 cup Spanish rice with 4 ounces beef, 1/2 cup string beans, lettuce-and-tomato salad, 1/2 cup chilled diet applesauce, 2 slices bread, 1 cup milk, iced tea with sugar substitute*

Kosher—*braised beef jardiniere, bow-tie noodles with kasha, wax beans, mixed green salad, chilled purple plums, matzos, grape juice or hot tea*
Halal (Muslim)—*steamed lamb with vegetables, mashed potatoes, corn with green peppers, cinnamon-flavored applesauce, bread with margarine, iced tea or hot cocoa* ☺



VS.



THE BIG MYTH	Like to pretend they have something in common with the great Dodger and Giant teams of the past	Like to pretend they have something in common with the great Yankee teams of the past
UNIFORMS (PLAYERS)	Garish orange and blue	Classy pinstripes
UNIFORMS (OWNERS)	Classy pinstripes	Garish orange and blue
UNOFFICIAL CHANT	"Let's Go Mets"	"Boston Sucks"
PERENNIAL PROBLEM	Can't keep a third baseman	Can't keep a manager
DID YOU KNOW . . . ?	At Shea Stadium, only one person has ever pitched a perfect game	At Yankee Stadium, only one person has ever been shot
STADIUM	Ugly. Also, airplanes often roar overhead	Once grand. Renovation eliminated character
GETTING THERE BY SUBWAY	The ride through Queens on the elevated part of the IRT No. 7 allows you to study the Transit Authority's track repair program	The ride through the Bronx on the elevated part of the IRT No. 4 allows you to see what <i>New York</i> will label the hot neighborhood of the 1990s
LOYALTY	In years past, when the Mets played badly, their fans stopped coming to games	Last year, after a game in which the Yanks played badly, a fan threw a knife at an opposing player
HERO WORSHIP	Gary Carter answers all his fan mail. Keith Hernandez throws his away	No fan mail. Few fans know enough current Yankees to write them
GIVEAWAY DAYS	Twenty last season, not counting games Howard Johnson started at third	Eighteen last season, not counting games Bobby Meacham started at short
POLITICAL AFFILIATION	Mainstream Democrat: last year they offered Felix Rohatyn a contract. Really.	Conservative Republican: last year they selected George Will in the amateur draft. Really.
THE FRONT OFFICE	Run by a savvy baseball man, Frank Cashen	Run by a boat builder and his gang of scapegoats
BRAWLS	Have traditionally brawled with other teams	Have traditionally brawled with Billy Martin
FIGHTS	In 1986 Darling, Teufel, Ojeda, Aguilera and Gooden got into fights with police	During the 1981 World Series, George Steinbrenner claims he got into a fight with unnamed, undescribed and possibly imaginary Dodger fans in an elevator
TRANSACTIONS I	Gave up the beloved Tom Seaver in 1984. Kept young pitchers	Gave up the beloved Ron Guidry in 1987. Kept 42-year-old Joe Niekro
TRANSACTIONS II	Acquired longball-hitting outfielder Kevin McReynolds to shore up the one weakness in their lineup	Acquired longball-yielding pitcher Charles Hudson to help them remember the names of two rivers in the Northeast
NICKNAMES	Mex, Hojo, Kid, Nails, Doc, El Sid and Mookie	Dan, Don, Ron, Rod and Bob
1986 DISABLED LIST	Gary Carter hurt his thumb	Butch Wynegar got depressed
THE CONSTANT PROMISE	This year, Strawberry is going to put some big numbers on the board	This year, Steinbrenner is going to let the guys just play ball
COVERAGE	Fans enjoy Tim McCarver's astute analysis of the game	Fans enjoy Phil Rizzuto's get-well wishes to sick people of Italian heritage
THE FUTURE	Have a stockpile of good young players	Have few young players, but have the rights to Tommy John until Dooley Womack is elected to the Hall of Fame

Yankee Fans' Worst Nightmare: realized when the Mets and the Red Sox played in the World Series.

Met Fans' Worst Nightmare: averted (perhaps) when airport security found the loaded derringer in Carlene Pearson's purse.

—Jamie Malanowski



NAKED CITY

THE BOOK NOOK

This Month: Joyce vs. Michener

You can read it, hold it in front of a mirror and read it again, but the new edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses* remains the same old indecipherable so-called classic that scholars have been foisting on the reading public for more than 50 years.

Let's just see how this "masterwork" stacks up against James Michener's *Texas*:



Takes place in just one day	Spans centuries
Three main characters	A cast of thousands, not including cattle
Takes place in just one city	Ranges across a spectacular landscape of burgeoning frontier towns and awesome stretches of wild Texas plains
Obsession with characters' bodily functions and interminable inner thoughts	Characters who eat, think, talk and make love just like the rest of us
No quotation marks surrounding dialogue	Plenty of quotes—plus you know who's saying what

It's easy to see—you get more for your reading dollar with *Texas*. Yes, *Ulysses* is a *big* book. But the *Hindenburg* was a big airship. And Idi Amin is a big man.

—Mary Wallach

APRIL DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

3 Wayne Newton born, 1942. Mark the occasion by growing a pencil mustache or suing NBC News.

5 "On Sex and Human Loving." A lecture at the 92nd Street Y by William Masters and Virginia Johnson; 7:30 p.m.; \$10.

7 Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. At Madison Square Garden; the first of 71 tired performances. New this (117th) year: something called King Tusk, billed as "the world's largest mammal traveling the face of the earth." Including Ed McMahon?



7 The Mets open their season against the Pirates; Shea Stadium; 1:30 p.m.

13 The Yankees play their home opener against Cleveland; Yankee Stadium; 1:00 p.m. This is the Yanks' seventh game of the new season. Trivia question: if the team that suits up today isn't 4-2 or better, how soon will Lou Piniella be looking for a job?

15 File for an extension, using federal form 4868 and state form IT-370.

18 Hayley Mills born, 1946.

22 Jack Nicholson turns 50.

24 "The Harmony of the Spheres." Open Center, 83 Spring Street. The ascent through the spheres is often accompanied by "secret harmonies"—that much is evident. But "what exactly is this ascent, and what are these harmonies?" Turns out—and this shouldn't ruin the session for anyone—the answer has something to do with "the ordering principles of the cosmos" and "the celestial affinities of the soul."

26 American Youth Hostels/Citibank Five "Boro" Bike Tour. With 20,000 participants, this is the world's largest bicycle tour. The course is 36 miles, beginning (at 7:30 a.m.) and ending (about six minutes later—have you seen some of these racers?) at Battery Park.

26 Daylight saving time begins. That's ahead, right? Puzzled cyclists assemble in Battery Park too early. Anxious, they begin to ride in circles.



30 Washington inaugurated as first president at Federal Hall on Wall Street (1789). ☺

BOOK IN REVIEW (CC)

ZECCHINO; 60 min.
; 60 min.
5 (CC)—Drama; 60 min.
IEEK—Louis Rukeysar
CE—Baptist; 60 min.
WORLD OF DISNEY; 2 hrs.
D ANNE FRANK; 60 min.
CLUB—Children; 60 min.

SPORTS; 60 min.
—Drama
DATE
on
icycle Racing
—Drama;

1 Show
ow

TH DAVID BRINKLEY

RDY—Comedy; 90 min.
90 min.
of Wagon Gap." (1947)
stello as salesmen out
w Marjorie Main and
udrey Young.

close up

Proposed Movie
of the Month

9 PM SPY TV
SUPER CITY



A clash of wills between the gutsy leader of a citizens' group and a spoiled, egomaniacal billionaire builder intent on putting up a giant luxury development along the Manhattan waterfront propels the action in this glamorous big-business tale. Political payoffs and defiled ideals are the name of the game—until the superbuilder's empire begins to unravel. Gary Collins and Joey Heatherton (in a comeback role) star as Donald Trump and his wife, Ivana. Activist Suzie Fuentes. Rita Moreno. Alexander Cooper. Fritz Weaver. Helmut Jahn. Rutger Hauer. (2 hrs.)

8:00

8:30



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Dear Betsy,

I'm so glad you were able to catch Ronnie on television the other evening. You know, you're right: it is satisfying to be watching ~~at~~ television at the moment history is being made. Anyway, the show put a quick stop to all that talk about the lead having gone out of Ronnie's pencil, didn't it? I don't think he's looked as sharp since G.E. Theater.

Mum's the word, Betsy, but I had to claw for that speech. Certain people wanted Ron to talk about Khomeini, but I put my foot down. "You dance with the boy who brought you to the prom," I told Ron. "That's right, sweetheart," he answered, and his eyes lit up. "Who brought me?" he asked. "The people," I reminded him. Honestly. Of course, the dolled up all that ~~silly~~ "We the people" business and threw in the story about Ben Franklin and the sun rising, which was a nice touch, even though quoting Hemingway seems a little risque to me. Still, you have to keep up with the times! (Sometimes it seems that I'm always saying that to Ron - every time we screen a movie he ends up shaking his head about all the open-mouth kissing, and I just say, wake up, dear - times change.

So everything down here is all fixed now. At least we're not getting any more anonymous packages of Depends (grown-up diapers!) in the mail. The way Pat Buchanan and Larry Speakes and the others who left have explained it to me everything's okay now and they'd just be in the way. I'd say Larry was about six years too late, but better late, you know. What do you make of this: I asked Pat what he would do now, and he quoted a line about "tall grass," and then winked at me. Well, I winked back. But when I flipped through my Bartlett's later, I couldn't find the reference.

I've passed your compliments along to Ron too. He was very excited to hear from you - remembered you without my having to show ~~you~~ him your picture this time. I took advantage and had someone scribble a bread-and-butter note to you and then give it to Ron to sign. He felt chipper enough to personalize it a bit, so you'll understand the "best to Al" part.

I've taken your advice and looked at the tapes of CBS's coverage of Ronnie's operation. You're right, dear, that is his you-know-what in the drawings, which explains the coy note we got from little Ron. Anyway, I thought I'd die. Closed my eyes and thought of England, if you know what I mean. Maureen was with me, and she cackled like a goose too fat to get off the ground.

You're right, Betsy, I do look awful in those hospital window shots they keep telling us to pose for. I thought we'd gotten rid of those with Leave-it-to-Deaver. What can I do? It's the low angle, something I never allowed when I was in the business. I dread them every time we check in for an operation.

Anyway, I'd better call it a wrap. There's so much more to tell you. You see that things went just the way I planned with that impertinent little Mr. Hang-Up. I've been given the Charles A. Dana Foundation Award for my pioneering achievement in health and education, and Ronnie thinks Rex is in communion with Lincoln's ghost. More later.

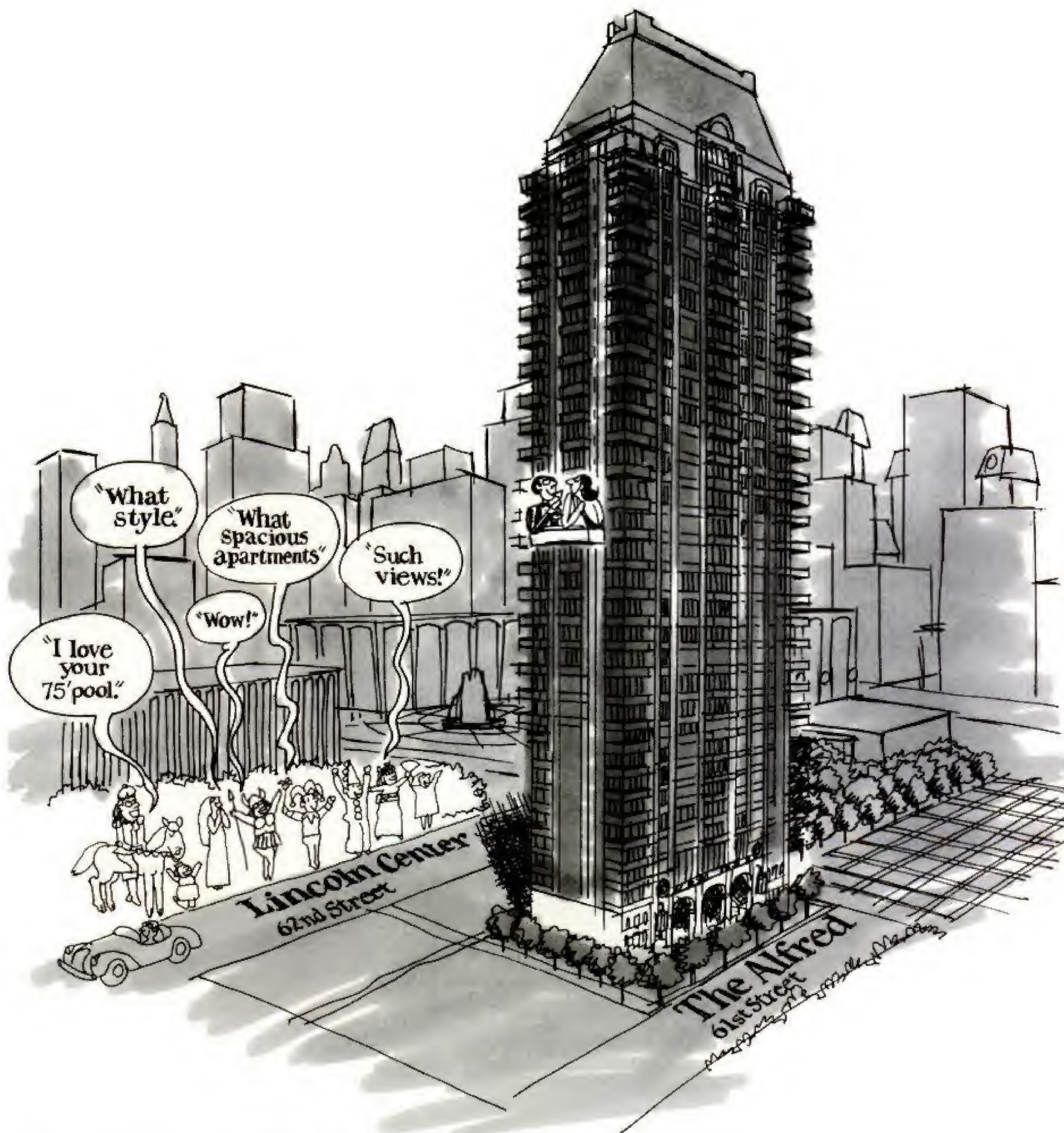
Smooches,

Nancy
NOR



Make-Believe Mailbag

THE NANCY REAGAN-
BETSY BLOOMINGDALE
CORRESPONDENCE



Bravo, Alfred

It can't sing, read a line or play a note. Yet, it's the new star of the Lincoln Center neighborhood.

It's The Alfred, a free-standing 38-story condominium tower, rising directly across the street from Lincoln Center. Just opened, it's playing to rave reviews.

"I didn't believe such park and river views still existed." "The wood-and-leather lobby is a stunning scene stealer." "The security measures deserve a standing ovation." "The recreational facilities—especially the 75' U.S. records length indoor pool—are a tour de force."

Who are the people saying nice things about us? The astute

buyers who bought apartments at pre-completion prices. But don't take their word for it. See if we measure up to your high standards.

Pre-completion prices: One bedrooms from \$229,000/Duplexes from \$318,000/Two bedrooms from \$331,000/Three bedrooms from \$452,000. *Prices subject to change

without notice. Special financing available. Call our sales office, 212-956-3999, to schedule an appointment to see our furnished model today.

The Alfred, 161 West 61 Street across from Lincoln Center.



THE NEW CONDOMINIUM THAT'S STEPS AWAY FROM LINCOLN CENTER MILES AHEAD OF ANYTHING ELSE.

In the future, cheerful subway token clerks, all of them graduates of a rigorous courtesy-training program, will dispense accurate directions and other useful information along with tokens. Resplendent in their by then familiar maroon blazers, white shirts and blue-and-maroon rep ties (a uniform to be introduced in the fall, according to the New York City Transit Authority), they will be model workers—*helpfulness* their byword, their manners the stuff of public transit legend. **M** These improvements, which the TA says are being slowly implemented, will bolster the tough special requirement that the 3,800 token clerks stationed (at \$8.76 an hour, or \$18,220.80 a year) around town have to meet once they pass the standard civil servant's exam: **TOKEN CLERKS MUST BE AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE.**

M If that doesn't fairly *scream* "handpicked," we don't know what does. But SPY suspected that an even more demanding criterion lurked somewhere; it had to. We dispatched transit buffs NEIL EVAN HANDWERKER and ANDREW TALLMER on an investigative quest for the secret written exam for prospective token clerks that we feel must surely exist. They failed to find any such exam. But through firsthand reporting (the pair claim to have visited every one of the transit system's 750 booths in all 463 stations, many of them twice), thankless (but necessary) cross-checking and hours upon hours of painstaking research, they managed to stitch together what we imagine is a close approximation of an

Official New York City Subway Token Clerk Exam



Instructions: Take this exam as *slowly* as possible. (Take as many breaks as you like.) If you don't feel like answering a question, don't. Feel free to talk to anyone else taking the test with you. We encourage creative alternatives to actual work on the exam, such as chatting or arranging your pencils in neat little groups. This will help to simulate conditions in a real token booth.

If you take more than the time allotted, you will be paid overtime.

SECTION 1— SITUATIONAL APPERCEPTION APTITUDE ASCERTAINMENT

This section is designed to test your ability to function in a real-life token-vending situation. You will be presented with a number of situations that you might encounter in your job as a token clerk. In each case, select the most appropriate action.

1. It's 5:30 p.m.—rush hour. You are working in the token booth at 59th Street on the uptown side of the Lexington Avenue line. Swarms of riders are right in front of you waiting for the uptown train. You learn that all uptown service has been indefinitely discontinued due to a track fire on 125th Street. You should:
 - A Make an announcement, informing the riders of alternate routes available to them.
 - B Wait until the riders ask you what is going on, then tell them that you have no idea. Let them decide for themselves whether to wait. After a while, write something indecipherable on the Transit Authority-approved message board.
 - C Call the downtown token clerk across the tracks and ask him to make an announcement on his speaker regarding uptown service.
 - D Ignore the information and continue talking to your girlfriend on the "emergency only" phone.
2. You are working in the booth during off-peak hours. A rider comes running up to you shouting that a woman's chain has been snatched on the platform downstairs. You should:
 - A Hang up on your girlfriend and call the police.
 - B Tap your finger on the speaker and shake your head as if you can't hear.
3. A passenger approaches your window and asks for directions to Chambers Street. You know that the line he needs does not service your station. You should:
 - A Give the person the proper directions and offer him a subway map.
 - B Scowl darkly for a few moments and then outline an epic four-hour journey that cul-

8. It's 3:00 p.m. and you are working at the Franklin Street station, IRT line. A man asks you for a subway map. You should:
 - A Explain politely that you are out of maps but can tell him where to write for one.
 - B Laugh slowly and bitterly.
 - C Cup your hand to your ear and pretend not to hear the question due to the subway rumble—even if there is no train near your station.
 - D With a vacant look in your eyes, point straight ahead.
9. The only people allowed into the token booth, apart from you and your fellow token clerks, are:
 - A Policemen, firemen and other emergency personnel.
 - B Chinese-food deliverymen.
 - C Fare-dodging juvenile delinquents trying to set you on fire.

STOP. Wait. Do not go on to the next part of the exam until you feel like it.

SECTION 2— LOGICAL APTITUDE BATTERY

1. The best time to close your window and tally moneys received is:
 - A At an off-peak hour when no one is waiting in line.
 - B The evening rush hour.
 - C Whenever the union says.
 - D The morning rush hour.

(Hint: this is a trick question. There may be more than one correct answer.)
2. A woman stops at your token booth at 66th Street and Broadway. She slips a crisp, unfolded \$10 bill under the window. You are aware that the current cost of tokens is \$1 each. The woman requests a ten-pack of tokens. You should:
 - A Hand the woman a ten-pack and say, "Have a nice day."
 - B Consult the official New York City Transit Authority Token Price Reference Sheet, which lists, from \$1 to \$100, the correct number of tokens to give in return for the amount of money passed to you. Take your time, and eventually give her ten unwrapped tokens. (To aid you in answering this question, we have included a portion of the reference sheet. See next page.)

- minutes in a trip on the G train to the Suffolk County line.
- **C** With a vacant look in your eyes, point straight ahead.
 - **D** Yell, "Pay your fare!"
4. You are alone in the token booth covering the Lexington Avenue line in Grand Central Terminal, which you know to be the busiest station in Manhattan. A long line of passengers are waiting to purchase tokens. You should:
- **A** Work as fast as you can and alert those in line that tokens may also be purchased at the nearby automatic dispensers.
 - **B** Continue reading the *Daily News* while talking to your boyfriend on the "emergency only" phone, and pass out tokens as these other activities allow.
 - **C** Begin stacking and tallying tokens.
 - **D** Close your window to encourage passengers to buy tokens in advance.
5. A high school student shows you his subway pass and waits at the automatic gate to be buzzed in. You should:
- **A** Buzz him in.
 - **B** Call him over to your window and castigate him, let him go and then buzz just long enough so that the gate is locked again when he reaches it.
 - **C** Confiscate the pass.
 - **D** Scream, "Pay your fare!"
6. An elderly woman wants to purchase a token and get a half-price transfer, as is her right. You should:
- **A** Hand her the token and the transfer and tell her to enjoy her day.
 - **B** Mutter curses under your breath, give her the token and then forget to give her the transfer.
 - **C** Make her show you three pieces of ID to prove that she is indeed a senior citizen.
 - **D** Refuse to acknowledge her presence altogether.
7. It is 8:00 a.m.—the morning rush hour. You are working at the station at 81st Street and Central Park West. A woman slides five crumpled, folded dollar bills under the window. She asks for five tokens. You should:
- **A** Give her five tokens.
 - **B** Become disgusted and act as if you are being forced to handle toxic waste, but eventually give her the tokens.
 - **C** Uncrease and count the bills a dozen times over so that this disrespectful passenger misses a train.

# OF TOKENS REQUIRED	AMOUNT YOU SHOULD COLLECT
1	\$1.00
2	\$2.00
3	\$3.00
4	\$4.00
5	\$5.00
6	\$6.00
7	\$7.00
8	\$8.00
9	\$9.00
10	\$10.00

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENTARY TESTS DESIGNED TO MEASURE APTITUDE FOR OTHER NEW YORK CITY TRANSIT AUTHORITY POSITIONS

The position of token clerk can be a jumping-off point for a variety of rewarding careers within the Transit Authority. Please complete the following special sections, meant to test your aptitude for other possible positions.

AUDIO COMMUNICATIONS MANAGER

Part I

Connect each announcement with its meaning:

There's another train right behind this one.

This train has a lot of people in it!

Conductor, I'm not getting any signals from the front.

Let's discharge!

Conductor, I'm not getting any signals from the rear.

Howsabout we discharge?

There's congestion up ahead. There will be a slight delay. We apologize for any inconvenience.

This train won't move for another hour.

Attention all passengers: Krxzx! Whrgzx! BWEEP!

This train will now go to a lot of unfamiliar stations in Queens and the doors will not open.

Part II—essay question for extra credit (25 minutes)

Consider the following two statements:

1. *This train is a local moving local on the express track and making all express stops.*
2. *This train is an express moving express on the local track and making all local stops.*

Employing the modalities considered in your training course—e.g., appearance and reality, realism and nominalism, ultimate truth and conventional truth—distinguish between these two statements in both an absolute and a pragmatic way.

TIME SYSTEM COORDINATOR

Design a schedule for an express and local train sharing the same platform in order to maximize passenger anguish.

Example:

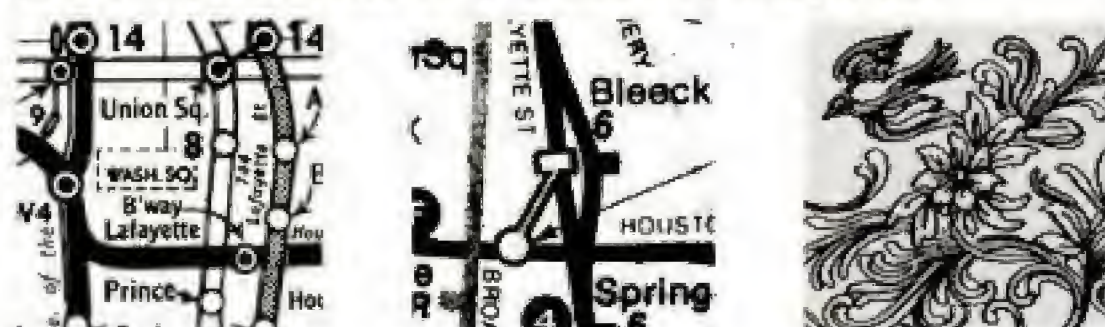
10:01:00 Announce IRT express.
 10:05:00 IRT local pulls into station.
 10:05:05 IRT express pulls into station.
 10:05:06 IRT local opens doors.
 10:06:00 IRT local closes doors.
 10:06:00 IRT express opens doors.
 10:08:00 IRT express closes doors.
 10:08:30 IRT local pulls out of station.
 10:09:00 New IRT local pulls into station.
 10:09:10 New IRT local opens doors.
 10:09:11 IRT express pulls out of station.

CARTOGRAPHER/GRAPHICS COORDINATOR

1. Circle the letter below that you feel corresponds to the most helpful graphic representation of the New York subway system.



2. Design a representation of the Bleecker Street/Broadway-Lafayette station that makes possible transfers there even less clear than the current and previous versions of the subway maps do.



Example

3. Match these visual designations of an N train with their most appropriate placement on the car.



D

p

N

MANAGEMENT CONSULTANT/PLANNER

This position of planner is one of the most crucial in the Transit Authority. Creativity, good judgment and strong public relations skills are prerequisites.

1. The best way to communicate to the public the details of a significant change in service on a subway line is:
 - ☐ A Gnostic messages on Transit Authority-approved message boards.
 - ☐ B Handwritten signs sporadically placed throughout the system.
 - ☐ C Chalk arrows drawn in selected subway stations.
 - ☐ D Curtis and Lisa Sliwa on another talk show.
 - ☐ E Rumor.
2. Matching. Connect each slogan with the accompanying change in service:

<i>The MTA is putting a new face on!</i>	The No. 7 has been eliminated.
<i>The MTA is getting in tip-top shape!</i>	For the next three years, all trains will detour through Newark.
<i>The MTA is working to help you help it work better!</i>	The fare has been raised.

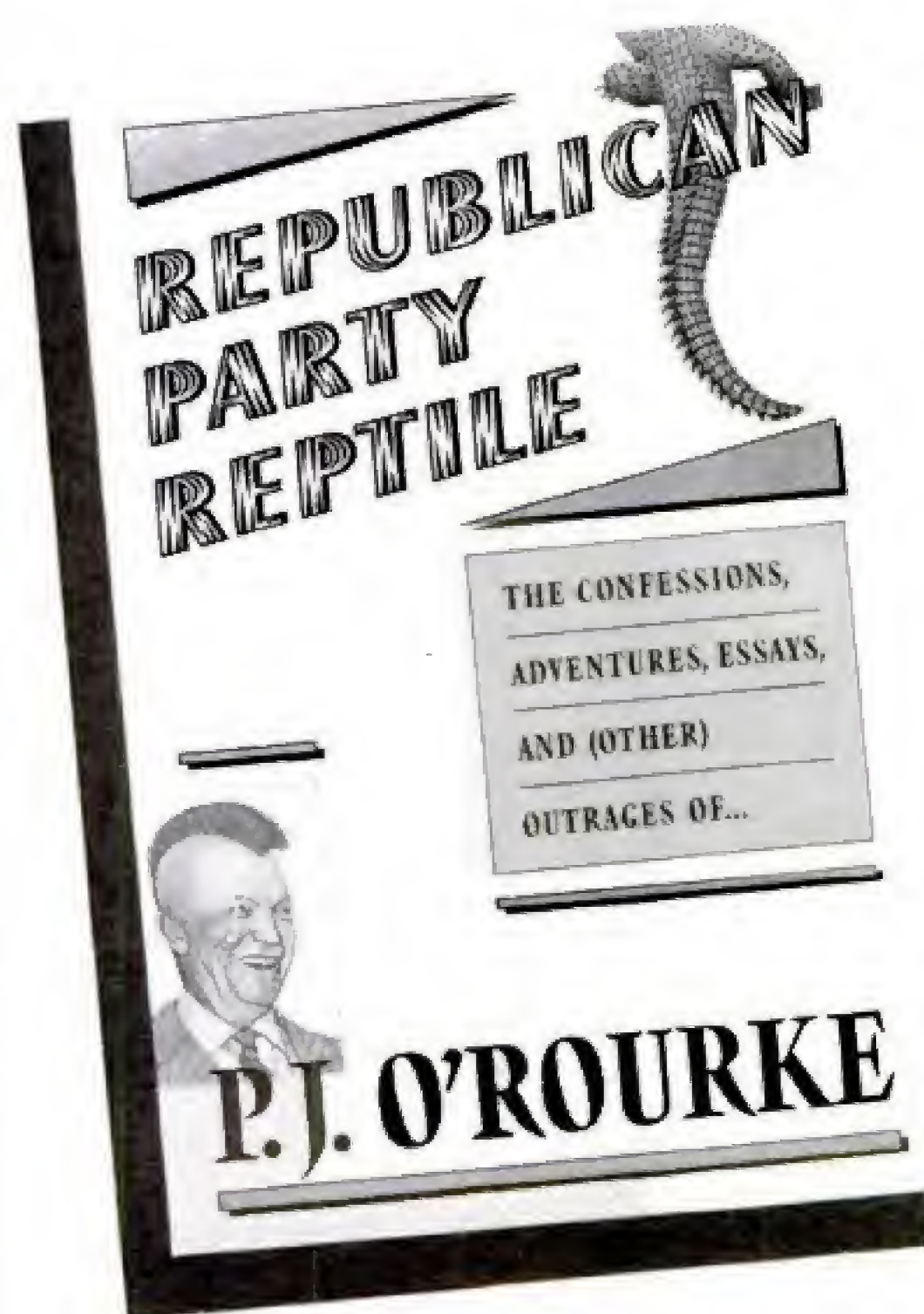
3. Devise a scheme for re-vamping the New York City Transit Authority in one of two categories.

Category 1—Trivial and Impossible to Notice, e.g., ten-packs, bull's-eye tokens.

Category 2—Unwieldy and Unhelpful, e.g., red, green and yellow lights.

Outline a way of effecting your plan that will leave the system unchanged in every respect. ■

WHAT IS A REPUBLICAN PARTY REPTILE?



\$6.95 paperback

THE RPR AGENDA:

OPPOSED TO:

- aerobics
- taxation without tax loopholes
- jewelry on men
- government interference in private affairs (unless the government brings over extra girls and some ice)

IN FAVOR OF:

- guns, drugs, fast cars
- free love (if our girlfriends don't find out)
- a firm stand on the Middle East (raze buildings, burn crops, plow the earth with salt, and sell the population into bondage)

"REPUBLICAN PARTY REPTILE is hilarious. I laughed so hard reading this book that my armchair needs reupholstering. P.J. O'Rourke has to be the funniest writer going, and boy does he go. This is high-octane wit, S.J. Perelman on acid."

—Christopher Buckley
author of *The White House Mess*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

DISTRIBUTED BY LITTLE BROWN AND CO.

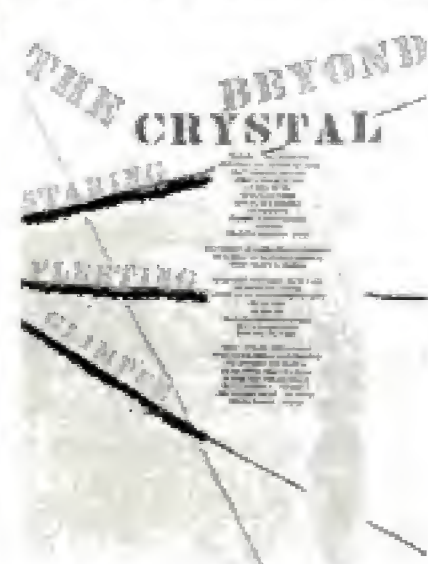
EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG writes very silly poetry, dreams up high-concept interactively interfacing video projects and, as Camelot's egghead-in-residence, designs centerpieces for Kennedy-clan luncheons. This is a genius? TAD FRIEND looked a little closer and found New York's ultimate pseudointellectual, a superdilletante for the eighties: Mr. Caroline Kennedy,

RENAISSANCE MAN

Last October, New York's FORM ONE design conference chose Edwin Schlossberg as its featured speaker. Schlossberg was to explain the philosophy behind his work to an audience that knew little more than his name, which, since his marriage to Caroline Kennedy, had become inflated with the borrowed gas of the Kennedy myth. He proclaimed his creed: "What we really need to pay attention to a lot is the construction of activities environments that enhance the way people interact with one another." And he told an anecdote to enlarge upon that belief: "I met someone who had just been in China, and they told me two things. One was that in China if you wanted to say something was really good, you called it a concept, and if you wanted to say something was really awful, you called it a hairdo."

The audience greeted this remark with a puzzled, almost concerned silence. The silence deepened as Schlossberg continued. One noted design critic wondered half seriously whether Schlossberg had been dabbling with LSD: "He seemed so dense, I considered a pharmacological explanation. You could see why he's a complete unknown in the design world."

Three months before, in July, when Schlossberg married Caroline, his reputation had been in full career. *People* magazine noted approvingly that "friends routinely append the word 'brilliant'



to Schlossberg, as though it were part of his name." In the same article on the couple, George Plimpton characterized him as "terribly bright—a looming figure, very high intensity."

Yet when Plimpton was preparing his famous individualized fireworks for the wedding dinner, he had trouble with the groom's tribute. It was the work of a moment to create fireworks in the shape of a tall column for lanky John Kenneth Galbraith, a bow tie for sartorial Arthur Schlesinger Jr., a sailboat for Ted Kennedy and a Chinese rose for Ted's mother, Rose.

EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG
Beyond the Crystal, from "Deep See Poems." 1985.
silk screen on aluminum



VINNIE NASTA
The Annunciation of Edwin, 1987.
 oil on Masonite

FROM
THE
POOL

[illegible]

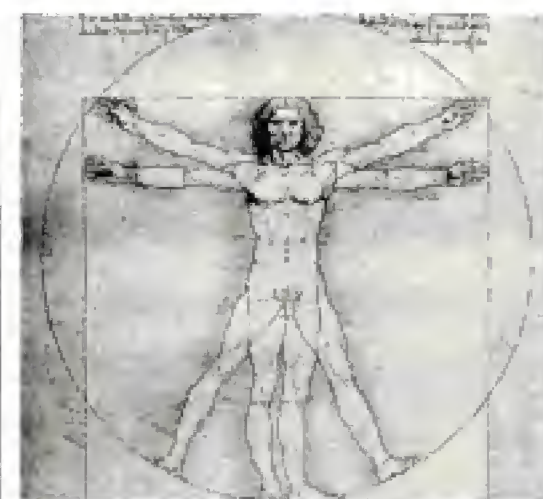
CONSIDERING COSMIC STILLNESS

From the Pool, from "Deep See Poems." 1985.
silk screen on aluminum

Photographs of the couple during their five-year courtship offered no insight. Schlossberg almost invariably looked taciturn and elegantly distracted—like a genius caught out. He posed only rarely,

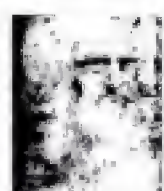
curly-burly of flares and
light, that rose into an
says, "It was a helter-skel-
sed to show that there's an
ry to what Ed does, but no
ns."

The Kennedys, who have always lacked for intellectuals, certainly hoped so. Schlossberg's first public act qua Kennedy was to design the centerpieces for a Special Olympics Awards luncheon at the UN last October (Eunice Kennedy Shriver founded the Special Olympics), and Bobby Shriver



Though Schlossberg could seem, at his worst, like a sitar-strumming hepcat muttering "Hip is hip and groove is groovy/Life's a wild Fellini movie"—indeed, though a number of his acquaintances consider Schlossberg just an arrogant and sophomoric dilettante—well, everyone let that pass too.

RENAISSANCE MEN



LEONARDO



ED

"He wasted many days in curious tricks of design, seeming to lose himself in the spinning of intricate devices of lines and colors. He was smitten with a love of the impossible."—Walter Pater, *The Renaissance*

"You can't get a fix on him, because as soon as you do, he moves on to something else. He's incredibly imaginative."—John Cage, composer



Leonardo's helicopter



Centerpiece by Ed

Illegitimate son of a Florentine nobleman

Legitimate son of a New York textile millionaire

Thirteen volumes of manuscripts

Nine books

Credited with inventing the scientific diagram

Credited with writing the first handbook on CB radios

Almost discovered the circulation of blood

Designed a gigantic crawl-through model of an atom

Worked for Andrea "Bucky" del Verrocchio

Worked for Buckminster "Bucky" Fuller

In 1483 he became interested in town planning and sketched scores of domed churches

In the late 1960s he worked for Buckminster Fuller, inventor of the geodesic dome

Played an odd silver harp of his own construction

Collaborated on *Revolutions Per Minute*, an odd record album (the *Times* said that Ed's contributions "wallow in inanity")

Made a thorough investigation of horse anatomy

Designed a listening maze that simulates how chickens hear

When Leonardo was 23, Michelangelo was born

When Ed was 23, several members of Menudo were born

Experimented with wax as a painting medium and was the first to use oils in fresco painting. *The Last Supper*, one of his experiments in oils, has aged disastrously

Experimented with painting on aluminum and used liquid crystal—mood ring goo—as paint. WilliWear T-shirts, one of the liquid crystal experiments, have aged disastrously

His painting *Paradise*, now lost, was to have been woven into a Flemish tapestry

Designed T-shirts for fashion designer Willi Smith

At 40 he began *Last Supper*

At 40 he designed "do-seum" for Hanna-Barbera Land

At 55 he joined the court of Francis I of France and was given his own château with adjacent vineyards

At 41 he joined Camelot and was given a house in Hyannis Port with adjacent fame

THOUGH EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG never asked for the publicity that attended his wedding, he had always hoped to be known for his work. When politely declining to sit for a full interview for this article, he gave the serious celebrity's disclaimer—"it makes me uncomfortable, talking about that kind of thing.... The work is what's interesting." Schlossberg has tried to live through his work, a prediction



friends recounted in a 1977 *New York Times* profile—about how in 1968 Schlossberg had said that he was going to roll the earth flat one day and would be selling tickets to watch the show. Schlossberg's career promised to be about possibility (today I will be... *an aerospace engineer!*), but he seems to have bogged down on the philosophical level at which the fact that *dog* spelled backward is *god* comes as a revelation.

Schlossberg grew up in New York and went to the Birch Wathen School and Columbia University. After graduating he faced no financial imperatives (thanks to his father, a textile manufacturer, Schlossberg is reportedly a millionaire), so he chose to teach design at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale for six months. After that he could often be found at the Universal Limited Art Editions print shop—where he would later publish his graphics—hanging out with the sixties art crowd, people such as Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg and James Rosenquist. Bill Goldston, now Universal's president, believed Schlossberg had a bright future: "I found him an extraordinary intellect, an extraordinary friend and an extraordinary human being."

His self-confidence was extraordinary, too. Schlossberg was adept at meeting interesting people—one friend recalls that routinely "he just barged in and introduced himself: 'I'm Ed Schlossberg. Can we talk?'" He was brimful of high-concept ideas such as a modern-dance adaptation of Virginia Woolf's *The Waves*, which he discussed with Twyla Tharp before shifting his glimmering attention elsewhere. He also attracted attention as one of designer Buckminster Fuller's "bright young men." In 1969, back at Columbia pursuing graduate work, Schlossberg became director of Fuller's World Game Workshop. Fuller, the powerfully bright genius/charlatan who invented the "4-D" house, the Dymaxion automobile and the geodesic dome, had a "dare to be naive" philosophy that Schlossberg seems *(continued on page 34)*

GENIUS:

In an exhibit

Schlossberg

designed for

Hanna-Barbera

Land; Snagglepuss

explains

videotaping to

children



January

1986

GRAND LARCENY
(basic mugging)

- 1 102nd Street cutoff
- 2 63rd Street and East Drive

ROBBERY
(mugging involving
use of force and/or fear)

- 3 110th Street and Lenox Avenue
- 4 106th Street and East Drive
- 5 106th Street and Fifth Avenue
- 6 97th Street tennis courts (2)
- 7 Loeb Boathouse
- 8 79th Street transverse
off Fifth Avenue
- 9 79th Street and Fifth Avenue
- 10

January

1987

GRAND LARCENY
(basic mugging)

- 1 The Great Lawn
- 2 Metropolitan Museum of Art area (2)
- 3 Tavern on the Green area (3)
- 4 67th Street and East Drive
- 5 67th Street and Central Park West

ROBBERY
(mugging involving
use of force and/or fear)

- 6 79th Street and Fifth Avenue
- 7 63rd Street and Park Drive

GRAND LARCENY/AUTO

61st Street and East Drive

12 The Pond, 60th Street and East Drive

13 Grand Army Plaza

FELONIOUS ASSAULT

14 Band shell
15 Concession on north side of the Sheep Meadow

RAPE
16 104th Street and Fifth Avenue

BURGLARY
17 The Children's Zoo (2)

18 The Dairy (2)

19 GRAND LARCENY / AUTO (car theft)
The old Police Athletic League Center, north of transverse at 97th Street



(continued from page 31) to have taken for his own.

In 1971 Schlossberg graduated from Columbia with doctorates in science and literature. His master's thesis was an imaginary dialogue between the physicist Niels Bohr and the poet Wallace Stevens, and his Ph.D. thesis, later published by Links, was an imaginary dialogue between Albert Einstein and Samuel Beckett. He thrived on such yokings of the arts and sciences: one friend recalls that



Schlossberg would sometimes go to Central Park to pick dandelions for a salad. Such was his thirst for life. Schlossberg's doctoral thesis adviser, professor John Untrecker, says Schlossberg "set that as a goal when he came in—to be a Renaissance man," and that in the doctoral thesis "he was really interested in enlarging Einstein's proposition that as you find the basic idea you

reach an ultimate simplicity."

But, alas, the thesis was far from simple. It was a blueprint for Schlossberg's career: an earnest attempt to find or conjure common ground between science and the arts that somehow went awry. The resulting work—prolix and self-conscious—is almost unreadable. Schlossberg's habit of inserting himself into the dialogue to assert postmodern concerns further muddled matters: "Can you remember who was who? Can you remember what happened to him? Perhaps these questions will stop. Are you reading? Maybe. Can you see this word? Perhaps. Are we communicating through these words and not to them? You know."

Schlossberg's later books were also wide-ranging, but they were much less ostentatiously arcane. His interest in technology led him to write handbooks about calculators, citizens band radios and computers when each emerged as a consumer product in the 1970s. Schlossberg's concern was using them to play games, which are his fascination. Leslie Pockell, the editor who worked with Schlossberg on *The Philosopher's Game: Match Your Wits Against the 100 Greatest Thinkers of All Time*, says, "I think Schlossberg's been bored by the rules of others. . . . If you deal with a game, you can make up your own rules and see how they work in life." Brent Saville, a designer who worked with Schlossberg on the Brooklyn Children's Museum, says, less charitably, "If he gets you to play a game, then he's in

charge. It's a control thing." Schlossberg has a graduate student's trick of playing the docent: an acquaintance told *The Washington Post* that "his idea of a game is to toss out quotes from famous philosophers and let people guess who said what."

Schlossberg's best-known book emerged from this habit. *The Philosopher's Game*, co-written with John Brockman, was published in 1977 and remains in print. The book, aimed at the college market, places 100 philosophers in brief, unfinished scenarios. The reader must then choose which of three quotes given as a possible conclusion to the scenario is an actual extract from the philosopher's work. As *The New York Times Book Review* noted, "'The Philosopher's Game' is a terrific idea. . . . The bad news lies in the execution."

For instance, in the book's quizzes, only one of Dante's supposed remarks is in verse, and only one of the three passages concluding Mark Twain's tale of Huck Finn mentions Huck's raftmate, Jim. The scenarios are often only distantly related to the answers that follow, and the answers are often only distantly related to the philosophers' main concerns. The game here is a shallow exercise in quote recognition: you aren't expected to think, only to remember.

Worst of all is an irritating salaciousness. Some of the soft-core pornography, such as the depictions of Schopenhauer masturbating and of Freud becoming uncontrollably excited when he puts a cigar in his mouth, may have been meant as wry commentary. But some is merely callow: "'Turn over, Shakespeare,' Britches whispers. Soon the young lad and William are involved in the frenzied motions of passion and pleasure." This roll-over-Beethoven irreverence festers throughout.



The Buddha scenario begins: "Soft. Hot. Moist. Her passionate kisses fall onto his eyes, his cheeks, his lips. . . .

With one hand, she removes her garment, revealing the wonders of her body. With the other hand, she feels him grow hard and large. Mara now expertly straddles him and slowly, deliciously lowers herself upon him until he is deep inside her." And this is not forgivable juvenilia: Schlossberg was 32 when *The Philosopher's Game* was published.

Schlossberg's authorial persona shifts from Larry Flynt to Jonathan Livingston Seagull in his poem-paintings, which are words lettered on Plexiglas, black cloth and unprimed aluminum.



ARTIST:

The Kennedy centerpieces were a pastiche of junior high school notions, and Bobby Shriver led the chant of "Ed-dee! Ed-dee!"



The paintings are meditations on language and the use of words as objects that rely on wordplay of sub-Nabokovian agility. Thus, Schlossberg paints aphorisms such as INDIFFERENCE IS ISOLATION. IN DIFFERENCE IS TEXTURE AND WONDER. He titled one of his four exhibits in Ronald Feldman's SoHo gallery "Deep See Poems."

As a result of his recent notoriety, Schlossberg's works now sell for up to \$7,500. Some of his images even change color when touched (remember mood rings? Remember the 1970s?), an idea he carried over to a design commissioned by Willi Smith. In 1983 Smith asked 20 artists, including Schlossberg, Christo and Keith Haring, to put their work on silk-screened T-shirts that would sell for \$37. (Smith later returned the favor by designing Schlossberg's goofy, elephantine blue linen wedding suit.) Schlossberg printed the words YOUR EYES, CHANGES and INSIGHT on a shirt treated with liquid crystal that glowed red when the wearer was warm, green when he was cold. Schlossberg said simply, "The shirt will tell you something about the way the person wearing it is feeling at the moment." Wow.

Always experimenting, in 1982 Schlossberg joined other Ronald Feldman artists to make *Revolutions Per Minute*, an album of "sound works" by visual artists experimenting in the aural. Schlossberg contributed his thoughts on differentiating between "metaphors" and "vibrations." This was in 1982, remember, not 1972. The *Times* critic said Schlossberg's effort was "an exceedingly boring meditation" that "wallow[ed] in inanity."

His daringly naive ambition reaches its zenith in design, which promised to be his true avocation. Through design, a seductively catchall field of endeavor, he can meld his scientific interest in technology with his humanist concern that people be persuaded to interact. Schlossberg's first museum design is his most renowned: the Learning Environment in the new Brooklyn Children's Museum, which was opened to the public in 1977. In 1974 he produced an exhaustive, grandiloquent 194-page plan for the museum's exhibits. He envisioned the museum teaching children the nature of physical reality, and "realiz[ing] as many of the aspirations we have about the next generation as can be conceived at this time."

Today the museum, located in a modest Crown Heights neighborhood and lacquered with graffiti, is a modest failure. Some of Schlossberg's ideas work well, especially the "people tube," a descending entranceway of corrugated steel encircled by a rainbow spiral of neon and riven by a mechanical stream that sports locks, dams and waterwheels. Though the stream's purl is concealed beneath the whine of the operating machinery, it fascinates young children who watch, listen, trail their hands in it and, on occasion, fall in. Also noteworthy is a

THOSE CONFUSING SPOUSES		
		
	EDWIN	ARNOLD
NAME	Sch-----	Sch-----
FIRST IMPRESSION	Pushy narcissist	Pushy narcissist
MENTOR	Buckminster "Bucky" Fuller	Kurt "Bucky" Waldheim
COSMOLOGY	Understands the universe	Mr. Universe
MINERALS	Paints aluminum	Pumps iron
FOOD GROUP	Egghead	Beefcake
AMBITION	To roll the earth flat	To pound his enemies flat
FAVORED FORM OF GREETING	Vulcan mind meld	Strong handshake
POSITION IN RITUAL KENNEDY TOUCH-FOOTBALL GAMES	Alarmed spectator	Front line—the whole front line

sprawling three-dimensional carbon atom model 42 million times its natural size. Schlossberg believed that when children crawled through this transparent *Minimal Surface Structure*, they could be "in the space, of the space, and through the space of the structure."

But the children in the museum today seem more interested in going to the mask-making workshop than in becoming lost in space. The learning environment is strangely forlorn, like a building under quarantine. Brent Saville, one of two designers hired to help Schlossberg implement his plan, says that two-thirds of it was unworkable and that the ethereal remainder had to be made more concrete. Saville says that Schlossberg completely misjudged his target. "This was an audience that liked to pick up bunny rabbits and go on hikes—they didn't want to learn about the nature of physical forces." Thomas Schwartz, the other designer who worked with Schlossberg, agrees, noting that Schlossberg wanted to get rid of all the museum's collections. "It was a poor black community, [and here was] a very bright white guy who totally ignored the cultural aspects of the neighborhood. . . . Ed wasn't interested in the community: he was interested in the world."

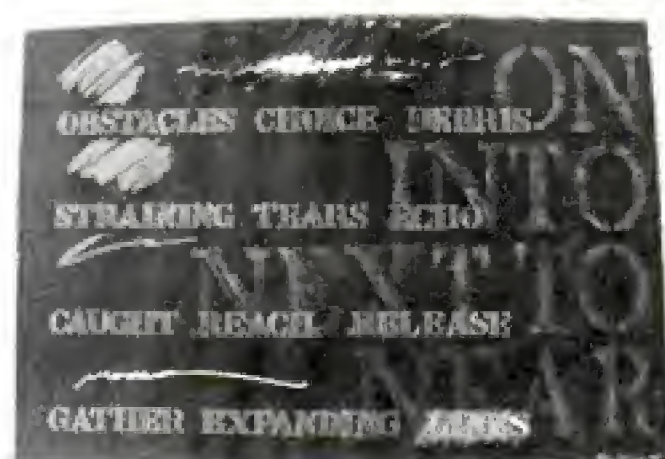
Though he admired Schlossberg's imagination, Schwartz was so uneasy about the design plan that he and the museum's assistant director, Gabrielle Pohle, went on a secret mission to Boston to run Schlossberg's ideas past Philip Morrison, a re-



SCHLOSSBERG
"Deep See Poems." 1985.

nowned professor of physics at MIT. "Philip comes in, sits down, looks at this thing. And he said something very, very detrimental, which I shouldn't repeat to you." What Morrison said, Schwartz finally admits, was "You got a good lawyer?" "What do you mean?" Schwartz asked. "'Schlossberg doesn't understand what he's doing. The physics isn't right.'"

Schwartz and Schlossberg, who had been friends, had a row over this revelation. Schwartz discovered a side of Schlossberg that others have also remarked upon: a bludgeoning arrogance. "I



SCHLOSSBERG

On Into. 1985.

liquid crystal on paper

liked Ed a lot, and I was actually afraid of him," he says. Schwartz was shifted from the project, and Saville took over. Saville recalls that Gabrielle Pohle eventually dismissed Schlossberg too, because he "wasn't do-

ing anything." Perhaps too sweepingly, Saville concludes that "to this day [the museum] is a disaster." In the early 1980s Schlossberg began his own design firm so that he could execute his own ideas. Today Edwin Schlossberg Inc. employs 35 architects, graphic designers and computer technicians. One person familiar with Edwin Schlossberg Inc. says, "It's the kind of thing where if you worked for him, you'd never be able to tell your mother what you did.... [It's] a rich man's fancy."

If so, it is a fanciful fancy. Schlossberg's firm often creates with children in mind—it has designed the interior play elements for Sesame Place, near Dallas; a "do-seum" for Hanna-Barbera Land, outside Houston; and the Massachusetts SPCA's Macomber Farm. Some ideas do engage, especially at Macomber Farm (now closed for condominium conversion), where he developed computer games and exhibits to encourage both children and adults to experience the world as animals do. Particularly delightful were a listening maze—through which, like a chicken, you found your way by sense of hearing—and a scent maze, which taught you to navigate like a pig. And his latest designs aren't marred by the Promethean overreaching of the Brooklyn Children's Museum.

But there is still a good deal of muddled thought. Describing a picture of Sesame Place at the FORM ONE design conference, Schlossberg said, "I like to take the mystery out of how things happen, so that little girl's rocking back and forth, pumping air into that central cylinder, which is then used to run the exhibits... making Oscar pop out of the can and a variety of other things happen."

And Schlossberg is still often guilty of underreaching. His fascination with TV emerges in many of his designs, not least in *You Are a Star* for Hanna-Barbera Land, where, on a simulated TV set, Snagglepuss the lion instructs visitors on how

to be videotaped into a Hanna-Barbera cartoon. At Sesame Place you can operate a TV camera, then appear on the "show" itself. For children, fascinating. But Schlossberg's thoughts on the exhibit are worth pondering, because they suggest an imploding ambition: "Instead of McDonald's being the only place that you can project yourself into TV reality, this becomes another opportunity"; enlarging children's thrall to TV may now be Schlossberg's only realized aspiration for the next generation.

There are still new ideas, of course—Schlossberg has always been a fount of new ideas. His firm is working on designs for Atlanta's Fernbank Museum of Natural History and a mall in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and he is planning a history of measurement, a book about cities, a "magazine" on videocassette and an exhibit for Battery Park City on "the excitement of international banking."

The firm's most ambitious (although characteristically amorphous) idea is an entertainment project for adults being developed jointly with MTM and the Canadian developers Olympia & York. This happening will happen in a center on Sixth Avenue, but other details about the on-again, off-again endeavor are sketchy. One report says it will be a kind of interactive after-dinner theater. Those who learn about the project have to sign a nondisclosure agreement.

Leslie Pockell, editor of *The Philosopher's Game*, concludes praise of Schlossberg with an appropriate balancing thought: "He didn't seem to be anything extraordinary. He was just a smart guy with a lot of ideas." Brent Saville says firmly, "The thing about Ed that's sad to me is that it's all well-meaning—he isn't a phony in that sense. He's just somehow managed to build this reputation that's undeserved.... He's not really an author, he's not really a painter, and sure, he worked for Bucky Fuller—I worked for Bucky Fuller, *everybody* worked for Bucky Fuller."

So just who is Ed Schlossberg? He is the perfect baby-boomer: a well-to-do hippie-yuppie who is indulged, who is self-consciously "interesting" and who is married to his generation's childhood sweetheart. He is, moreover, a bright boy who has made a career of being a bright boy, and extended it well into middle age. Professionally, what Schlossberg has done is to career between lofty and crass notions of how best to reach people, and the result has been not a sharp hybrid of pop and intellectualism, like David Byrne's music, but a splitting of the difference—pure middlebrow.

Entangled in his own talent, he has only rarely found ways to realize his vision. He is thus that curious phenomenon, the Renaissance man without a renaissance. Much more than Oscar Wilde at the Custom House in New York, Edwin Schlossberg has nothing to declare but his genius. ■

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News At 11,



We knew local newspeople were painfully inept. We just didn't know how painfully inept until we unleashed crack fact-checker AUGUST WEST on the worst offenders: the news boobs at WABC, Channel 7. He held one of their broadcasts up to careful scrutiny and came away appalled.

CHANNEL 7

Thursday, January 29, 1987, 11:00 p.m.

ERNIE ANASTOS: *Eyewitness News* at eleven is next. Tonight, more snow on the way. It should start sometime after midnight. Tomorrow

morning's rush hour is going to be a headache. Storm Field will tell us
It wasn't.

how much snow to expect and we'll have a live report on the preparations. And tonight, Capitol Hill is busy reading the just-released Senate Intelligence Committee's report on the Iran arms scandal.

It paints a picture of the president's advisers as deceiving one another. This aspect of the report is never mentioned again in the broadcast.



Facts A Little Later

KAITY TONG: Also tonight, the celebration continues in lower Manhattan as the Chinese New Year is ushered in. **We'll have the festivities.** And what happens when you put together two of the funniest women in show biz? Joel Siegel reviews Bette Midler and Shelley Long in *Outrageous Fortune*.

ERNIE: We'll have these stories plus Darryl Strawberry in big trouble. Next on *Eyewitness News*.

[BREAK]

VOICE-OVER: This is *Eyewitness News*, New York's number one source for news at eleven o'clock, with Ernie Anastos, Kaity Tong, Storm Field, Eli Zaret and the *Eyewitness News* team.

ERNIE: Good evening. **Here's what's happening. More snow on the way.** The third storm in a little more than a week. Tonight, salt spreaders are being loaded up, snow plows are being readied, for a **morning rush hour that's bound to be a very slow one.**¹ And to make matters worse, much of the snow that we have gotten still on the ground [is] causing traffic hazards. **Storm Field here right now to tell us just how much snow we can expect.** Storm?

STORM FIELD: All right, Ernie, the way things are looking right now, of course, we're just a little bit gun-shy at this point, we've had, uh, a couple of good-sized storms in the last week. What is this going to ha—uh, bring to us. Well, what you've got in here is a large wedge of activity, but **that wedge right here on the national map is actually mostly rain.** Some of it freezing rain, some of it sleet, but not all snow. It's not all that strong. To move back in this direction a little bit more in the way of snow. As it looks right now, with the temperature still fairly mild, at this time we're going to start off with some snow around the daylight hours and then **shifting over on coastal regions**—as you move inland staying more to the snow. At this point it doesn't look like the amounts are going to be that bad, more like what the early storms were like at the beginning of this winter season. More details just a little bit later. Kaity?

KAITY: Okay, thank you, Storm! But no matter how much, more snow usually means more headaches for many people who have just finished shoveling out from under the last storm. Are they ready to do

They didn't.

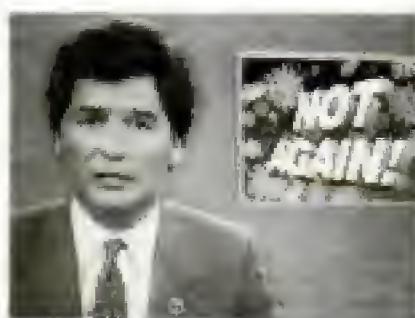


In the most recent Nielsen ratings available at that time, *Eyewitness News* was in fact tied with WNBC.

The lead story, NOT AGAIN! said the story card on-screen. As it turned out, this was an accurate prediction. The storm fizzled; the New York City Sanitation Department recorded less than a quarter of an inch of snow the next day in the five boroughs.

¹ The morning rush-hour traffic was normal.

He doesn't tell us just how much snow to expect.



Backpedaling on the big story commences.

"Shifting over to rain" is what he means, although he can't bring himself to say this until later on.

it again? Well, John Johnson is standing by live right now in Westchester County to tell us. Are they ready or not? John?

JOHN JOHNSON: Well, Kaity, we could say this, **keeping it in perspective, this is not the new coming of a new Ice Age, but with a new prediction of more snow here in Westchester County, tonight the word is be prepared.** On residential streets like this one in Bronxville, New York, there is still ice and snow, and a new layer of snow can only make this worse. [Ennui: night shots from a moving vehicle of cleared asphalt and piles of snow. JOHN's report continues.] **Here in Westchester County, along the Bronx River Parkway work crews are already preparing their snow-removal equipment just in case this snow-fall is a big one.**

JIMMY CORRENTE [Westchester County worker]: It's getting the trucks refueled.

JOHN: Uh-huh.

CORRENTE: Check 'em out. Makesure everything works. So we have no problems.

[JOHN discourses on average snowfall for January and remarks that "if Storm is right in his predictions, sometime in the next 24 hours, where I'm standing here in Westchester County in Bronxville should have about four more inches of new snow on top of the old." Back in the studio, KAITY shows how to report on the LIRR strike without using the verb *to be*: "In other news tonight, the strike over. Long Island Rail Road employees working round the clock now trying to get the trains back on track.... Ernie?"]

ERNIE: A Senate report on the Iran arms scandal revealed tonight shows that President Reagan did *not* know profits were being sent to the rebels in Nicaragua.² The Intelligence Committee found **concern for hostages in Lebanon kept arms going to Iran**,³ but the idea left a lot to be desired in terms of foreign-policy making in the White House. [Interview clip of Intelligence Committee chairman SENATOR DAVID BOREN.]

ERNIE: Now, at the same time, the White House confirmed President Reagan did send an autographed Bible to Iran while it was trying to negotiate a deal for hostages. A spokesman said it was Oliver North's idea. From Lebanon, a chilling picture of **Robert Polhill, held hostage by the pro-Iranian Islamic Jihad**.⁴ Polhill is 56 and a native of Queens.⁵ Islamic Jihad is threat-

!!!!

Apparently, the word in Westchester County isn't *be or prepared*, but *new*.



Dog bites man.

² The report reached no such conclusion, and the issue of the president's knowledge of the diversion of funds to the contras remained an open question. Some of the committee's evidence strongly suggested the president was aware of it, but the report itself was simply a summary of testimony and as such proved nothing. When the report came out, Senator Boren told one reporter that if Reagan knew about the diversion of funds, "since that would be a violation of the laws, it's the only aspect of this that would be a potentially impeachable offense." The White House staff, he said, "grab[s] any evidence that they think would show that the president didn't know." So, it seems, does ERNIE.

³ ERNIE's tone here suggests that the report exonerated the participants on the grounds of their having had compassion as a motive. The front-page headline in *The Washington Post* the next morning was HOSTAGES SAID AMONG REASONS FOR IRAN DEAL, but of course the point was that this directly contradicted the administration's earlier assertions about appealing to Iranian moderates, and also violated the Reagan doctrine of not negotiating with terrorists.

⁴ Polhill is being held hostage not by Islamic Jihad but by a previously unknown group calling itself "Islamic Jihad for the Liberation of Palestine"; it is pro-Palestinian, not pro-Iranian.

⁵ Polhill is 52 and a native of Beacon, a town upstate.

ening to kill him and **three other Americans** if the United States takes any military action in Lebanon. **Three U.S. aircraft carriers have been moved to Lebanese waters** in response to a recent rash of kidnappings in Beirut. Kaity?

KAITY: Former Philippines president Ferdinand Marcos says he feels like a prisoner in his home on Hawaii.⁶ Marcos says the State Department would not allow him to leave. There was speculation he was ready to take off in this jet [head shot of Marcos] and head for Singapore [shot of jet on runway], a plan reportedly stopped by FBI and Immigration agents.⁷ Marcos also says he has no connection with the rebels who gave up their hold on a TV station near Manila today.⁸ a peaceful end to the most serious threat to Corazon Aquino since she replaced Marcos almost a year ago.

ERNIE: And we have much more still ahead tonight here on *Eyewitness News*. It is a night of joy for Steven McDonald and his wife. He is the police officer who was shot and paralyzed in Central Park last summer.

KAITY: And Joel Siegel reviews *Outrageous Fortune*, starring Shelley Long and Bette Midler.

[BREAK]

KAITY: Shavod Jones, the 15-year-old convicted of shooting police officer Steven McDonald in Central Park last summer, was sentenced today to three to ten years in jail. This is the maximum sentence possible for a juvenile. He also faces three to ten years for a previous conviction on armed robbery, the sentences to be served consecutively. It was last July twelfth that Officer McDonald stopped Jones and two other teens in Central Park to question them about stolen bicycles. Jones pulled a gun and shot McDonald in the neck, leaving him paralyzed and barely able to speak. Ironically, as Jones was being sentenced today Patti McDonald, wife of the wounded officer, was in labor at a Long Island hospital. The McDonalds tonight are the proud parents of a healthy baby boy, and as Tappy Phillips tells us, it's an especially joyous event for the courageous couple whose lives were shattered last summer.

TAPPY PHILLIPS: It was a little before eight this morning when Patti McDonald checked into Mercy Hospital in the early stages of labor. Then, at 3:43 this after-

One of the four hostages is from India.

Only two U.S. aircraft carriers were in the Mediterranean at the time. The USS *Nimitz* remained in the eastern Mediterranean well outside Lebanese territorial waters, and the USS *John F. Kennedy* was at a Spanish port.

6 KAITY offers no context for this petulant complaint. Marcos agreed not to attempt to return to the Philippines when he came to the U.S. He is free to travel in this country.

7 This story did not unfold in a haze of speculation. The *Times* lead was definite: "The United States, tipped off by the Manila Government, foiled a plan Wednesday by Ferdinand E. Marcos to return to the Philippines from Hawaii to rally his supporters in the wake of an apparent coup attempt." Marcos admitted he planned to go. KAITY's mention of Singapore is misleading and irrelevant; the *Times*, *The Washington Post*, *The Boston Globe*, the *Daily News*, the *New York Post*, *Time*, *Newsweek* and *U.S. News & World Report* all did not mention Singapore. A State Department official stopped Marcos.

8 A pro-Marcos loyalist told the *Times* correspondent in Manila that the mutineers had delayed their surrender while Marcos's return was awaited.



McDonald suspected the youths had planned to rob a bicyclist; no bike thefts were involved.



noon, her 7-pound-12-ounce son was delivered by cesarean section. **We understand the boy will be named Conor McDonald, named after John Cardinal O'Connor**, who gave comfort to Steven and Patti at Bellevue Hospital, where Steven remains paralyzed from the neck down. **Patti was just a few weeks pregnant**⁹ with the couple's first child when Steven was struck in the neck by a bullet fired by a suspected bicycle thief¹⁰ in Central Park last July, and everyone who has come in contact with Patti since that time has grown to admire her for her courage and even cheerfulness in the face of a cruel stroke of fate. . . . At Mercy Hospital in Rockville Centre, I'm Tappy Phillips, Channel 7 *Eyewitness News*.

KAITY: And tonight we're told that Patti McDonald will consult with her doctors, and if she feels up to it, she is going to hold a news conference at the hospital tomorrow. Ernie?

ERNIE: Well, despite the efforts of some brave fire fighters, three children and their baby-sitter were killed in a fierce fire last night in Queens. A 12-year-old girl was critically burned. Her mother and a two-year-old brother managed to escape by jumping from a second-floor window. **Fire fighters raced into the home and they brought out four other people. They were still alive at the time, but the three children and a woman they thought that they had rescued died a short time later.** The fire fighters say they're not heroes, just doin' their job.

LIEUTENANT JOHN LANE [Queens fire fighter]: You just have one thing on your mind, to try to get in to get them out, then you think of the—of the danger later.

UNIDENTIFIED FIREMAN: Have to do your job, everybody knows what their job is—

ERNIE: Officials believe the fire started in the kitchen as a grease fire, spread very quickly, trapping the victims.

A third man has been arrested in connection with the **New Year's Eve fire** in San Juan's Dupont Plaza Hotel. That fire killed 96 people and injured more than 100. The latest suspect, **José López**, a union worker at the hotel for the last two years. He and two others charged with arson and murder face a hearing on February the seventeenth. Kaity?

KAITY: Coming up next, Joel Siegel is ahead with a review of a new comedy film.

Before her son was born, Patti McDonald said in an interview that "Steven and I have always wanted to name a boy Conor if we had one," after she was asked if the name was intended to honor the cardinal. Steven McDonald later said that Conor was named after a character in the Leon Uris novel *Trinity*.

9 She was more than three months pregnant.

10 Jones and his companions were suspected of planning to rob a bicyclist in the park. Jones was a convicted, not merely suspected, motorbike thief; his armed-robbery conviction was for that crime.

This story is a diet of horror without a context. It was more than 24 hours old at the time of the broadcast; nothing new is revealed. The footage is unexceptional: no shots of the fire itself, just ambulance gurneys being moved, a charred crib being taken out of the house, and so on.

The fire fighters never thought they had rescued the four victims. The adult baby-sitter was found dead inside the house, and at least two of the children were not breathing and never recovered after being brought out of the house.

Fireman Donny Abrams was not identified, unlike Lieutenant Lane.

Here was their chance to show "sexy" fire footage after all—even if it was a month old.

The correct Anglicized version of the name José Rivera López is José Rivera.

Third teaser for the movie review—more than any other story in the newscast.

ERNIE: It's called *Outrageous Fortune*, and it stars two very funny women, Bette Midler and Shelley Long.

[BREAK]

ERNIE: If no one has wished you "*Kung hay fat choy*"—how was that?

KAITY [off camera]: All right.

ERNIE: Let me be the first on this, the very first day of the Chinese New Year 4685. It is the Year of the Rabbit in the Chinese calendar, and the celebrations continue in Manhattan's Chinatown. Traditionally there are parades, dancing and dragon costumes, and of course lots of fireworks. Kaity?

KAITY: *Kung hay fat choy* to you, Ernie and [to audience] you. Bette Midler, she already has two straight comedy hits to her credit, *Ruthless People* and *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*. Can she make it three in a row? Well, she's teamed with Shelley Long of *Cheers* fame in a new movie opening tomorrow. Joel Siegel has an answer for us.

JOEL: Shelley Long is perfection personified, all prim and proper studying hard to be an actress. She's having a run of bad luck. So far she's spent \$32,000 on acting lessons and not one job. She hasn't had a date in six months. Finally a guy in her dance class asks her out. "Funny," she says, "I always thought you were gay." "I am," he says, "I thought I'd do a little research in case I ever get cast as a heterosexual." But Shelley Long doesn't know what bad luck is until she meets Bette Midler. Bette is big, Bette is boisterous, with a mouth as wide as the Hudson River and not much cleaner. It's called a buddy movie. Absolute opposites drawn together, a formula for big laughs. The formula works. This movie gets 'em.

AIRLINE TICKET CLERK IN FILM CLIP: *That was the single biggest crock.*

JOEL: Same to you! The thing that draws them together: they are both having an affair with the same man. [Clip.] The guy, it turns out, is a renegade spy blackmailing America for \$20 million, so the CIA is after him, the KGB is after him, and so are Bette and Shelley. They track him to New Mexico, where their best hope is a wasted neohippie named George Carlin. [Clip.] Bette is dynamite! This is her third smash-hit comedy in a row. Cheers to Shelley Long. This is the part that will make her a movie star. *Outrageous Fortune*—exactly right. They're outrageous.



The poor man's Gene Shalit. Relies heavily on alliteration.

The \$32,000 is the amount she owes her parents. Nowhere in the film is it said that Long's character has never had an acting job. She says that she hasn't had a date in a year.

More dumb alliteration.



Not neo at all: the Carlin character has been a hippie since the sixties.

It'll make a fortune. It's one funny movie. I'm Joel Siegel, Channel 7 *Eyewitness News*.

KAITY: Eli Zaret up next with sports.

ERNIE: Well, there's trouble tonight for New York Mets star outfielder Darryl Strawberry. The story coming up.

[BREAK]

KAITY: [Hits desk with pen.] Eli.

ERNIE: Yep.

KAITY: Here... with... sports.

ELI ZARET: All the sports.

KAITY: All the sports.

ELI: No local teams in action, but I'll tell you what, but Hartford—that's close enough, isn't it? Hartford's the best we can do. But it was a very big game happened in Boston tonight. Battle for supremacy in the Adams Division, and the Whalers have clawed to the top spot, jumping to a three-nothing lead. Pretty goal here... [Hockey commentary continues.] However, final minutes, Stew Gavin races Ray Bourque into the corner, Evason's shot caroms off Ranford, Turgeon pokes it home for the win and the Railers move over Montreal into first place by a point. That's Whalers, not Railers. [ELI talks about two more NHL games and three NBA games before turning to boxing news.] Well, James "Buddy" McGirt of Brentwood, Long Island, is an aspiring junior welterweight—title aspirant, I should say—who tonight at the Felt Forum had a miserable time with Eric Martin. Landed a couple of solid blows in Round Six, but this is a poor effort, and his corner let him know it.

VOICES OF TRAINERS: Look like a champ, will ya, for God's sake... let's do it, Buddy, let's do it... c'mon, boy... you can sleep all day tomorrow, Buddy... your punches are coming like slow motion.

ELI: Yeah, but McGirt never did get cranked up on an easy ten-round decision and, at 31, 1 and 1, may have to fight a couple of more before he gets his title chance.

Well, the Yanks signed off-season acquisitions Cecilio Guante and Charles Hudson to one-year contracts today, but there is also some sobering news in sports shorts tonight. Darryl Strawberry's wife, Lisa, has filed for legal separation, claiming he has struck her on several occasions. She has already won a restraining order barring Strawberry from even contacting



It's not completely clear that McGirt won.

her where she is staying with Darryl junior, at her mother's house in California.

Wade Boggs, who filed for \$1.85 million in arbitration last year and again this year, tonight signed a three-year contract for that yearly figure, totaling some \$5.5 million. He has won three of the last six American League Batting Titles. [ELI tells us that another NBA player has checked into a drug rehabilitation center, and that Micheal Ray Richardson, banned from the NBA, will play next year in Israel and then apply to the league for reinstatement.] And those are some things going on on a slow night for the local teams.

ERNIE: All right, that's Eli. Still ahead tonight, Storm Field has been checking the weather computer, and he'll be back with the very latest on the snow that we're expecting.

KAITY: And we'll have the story of a pig assigned to a rather special duty coming up.

[BREAK]

ERNIE: Okay, Storm Field now with the very latest on the weather, and Storm, you say it should start snowing sometime after midnight?

STORM: I—I think it's going to be well after midnight, probably in the early, uh, morning hours, around daybreak time we start to get a little bit and it's going to be enough to just kind of slow traffic down, cut down visibility a little bit. But it's going to be a lot like the storms we had at the beginning of the winter where it began as—as looking like it was going to be some snow, changing over to rain along coastal areas and then—then back to a little bit of flurry activity before finally petering out. After the last couple, uh, I think we're a little scared. *Kung hay fat choy.*

KAITY: Why, thank you, Storm. *Kung hay fat choy* to you too.

STORM: *Shieh shieh.*

KAITY: Well, *k'e-ch'i*. Keep this on forever.

STORM: My family was brought up in Beijing, so I—Kaity, of course, was brought up in Brooklyn, so yeah, right. [Laughter offscreen.] Temperature right now, 32 degrees. Humidity, 58 percent. Barometric pressure is falling. Winds right now from the southwest eight miles an hour. [STORM talks for a while about low-pressure centers.] For the most part it's not going to be the major problem that

Boggs lost in arbitration last year and earned \$1.35 million. This year's pact calls for a salary of \$1.6 million in 1987; \$1.7 million in 1988; and \$1.8 million in 1989, for a total of \$5.1 million.

The story turns out to involve two pigs.

The backpedaling continues.

Incidentally, two distinctly different pronunciations.

Storm has switched from Cantonese to Mandarin without warning.

Especially cloying happy talk.

we had to deal with in the last couple of storms. As far as the satellite picture, again we're pretty much in the clear. Still, notice as you move out to the west of us this band in here is still mostly rain activity, not heavy snow but rain. So as a result, because it is much warmer down here than it has been for the last couple of storms, the likelihood is that switchover is definitely going to occur. Again the close-up again showing us that we've got no problems right now and it is unlikely that any activity is going to happen with an overrunning situation that we have right now, warm air coming up over the top. Until early tomorrow morning, let's say in the early morning hours. So here's how the forecast is going to look. For [clears throat] the morning outlook I would say light snow, temperatures, uh, rather on the mild side compared to what it's been like lately. Twenty-seven degrees. I mean, we've been down much colder than that. Then the rest of the day on Friday looks like snow to north and west, as J. J. was saying earlier in the show. I think we can talk about anywhere from between two to four inches north and west of the city, but along the coastline it's going to be a mixed bag, temperatures as you can see here in Manhattan, it's warming up to 37. So you get that switchover, then clearing up after some flurry activity on Saturday morning, and then warm through the period. Sunshine coming back on Sunday and a possibility of maybe some more rain coming in on Monday. The only thing I'm concerned about is, we get some good rains with that snow could get some flooding problems.

ERNIE: Um.

KAITY: Yeah, you're right. Okay, thank you, Storm. And finally tonight, how two pigs saved their own bacon. Welsh farmer Clive Watters here bought two black pigs to turn into pork cutlets, but when he put them in a field with the sheepdogs, they started imitating the sheepdogs. Stupid these pigs are not. They displayed an unexpected talent for rounding up sheep. Now, it may look to you like they're just faking it, but what do you or I know about sheepherding? If you ask me, those pigs have pulled the wool over Farmer Watters's eyes.

ERNIE: Mm-hmm.

KAITY: That's it for now. Thanks for joining us. Good night.

ERNIE: *Nightline* is next. Good night.

The confession at last: this snow is no big deal at all.



The final capitulation.

The low temperature the next day was 31 degrees.

J. J. didn't say this earlier.

The big story: snow upstate.

A final stab at intimations of disaster. No flooding occurred.

Meaningless pseudo-colloquialism.

A shot of two men standing in a field, with nothing to indicate which is Watters.

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A shot of a light-brown pig.



Public faith in broadcast journalism restored. *Nightline* indeed was next. ☺

Fashion models are supposed to be

stupid. And most are. But not all.

After searching three continents,

LAWRENCE O'DONNELL JR. found

The Smart Models

(including the only person on earth

named Cricket whose favorite book

is *The Brothers Karamazov*)

AS AN IRISHMAN WHO HAS NEVER BEEN DRUNK—never taken a drink, really, just a taste here and there—I've never bothered to consider seriously the validity of stereotypes. They have none, pure and simple. But then, as luck and Nell's would have it, I began to meet fashion models. Individual evaluation soon seemed unnecessary. They were all beautiful and dim-witted beyond my wildest dreams. I could feel the stereotype—*stupid, stupid, stupid, they're all stupid*—hardening in my brain with each new discussion of the zodiac. But if I could accept even one relatively harmless and as-valid-as-you-can-get stereotype, I wondered, where would it end?

To rescue my stance against stereotypes—and these days, anything with the slightest moral airs is worth preserving—I set off in search of smart models.

I looked only for women, because men, like alcoholic beverages, don't interest me. (Besides, I think we all agree that male models truly are unpardonable buffoons.)

I did not consider models whose only claim to intelligence was the savvy management of their money, although the fashion world does not allow for nonfinancial definitions of *smart*. I had been instructed by SPY to find models who thought, read books, had degrees or might eventually have them.

I found six, and I heard rumors of the existence of a few others.

The trouble is, in the fashion business the determination of who is beautiful falls to such peculiar men as Calvin Klein, who have no appreciation of mature beauty—that of, oh, a 24-year-old. So, unfortunately, a model's prime spans the years that in the real world would be spent finishing high school and college. Most models, however, spend those years studying only astrology. (*Elle* is the industry's recognized authority.)

Here, then, are The Six Smart Models, women for whom education—or, anyway, something other than mastering the perfect runway strut—has come first. (Not among them is our cover person, Paulina Porizkova, because while she is bright—she speaks six languages and reads the great books—she is a high school dropout. But SPY has noticed that she is the most famous model in the world at the moment, and there is considerable evidence that having her on a cover sells a lot of magazines.)

SMART MODEL N°

"The stereotype is true, basically," says Sheila Berger, an NYU undergraduate with a 3.8 grade point average. Ber-

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ger, an Aquarius, started with Ford—one of the chosen who actually lived in Eileen Ford's East Side townhouse—then jumped to Zoli and is now with American Model. "You become less interesting," she says of her work. "When I was *just* modeling, I didn't find myself interesting. When other models hear that I am in school, they're surprised and ask how I can do both, but I find it difficult *not* to do something else, because the work is so ungratifying." And not only is modeling "not intellectually stimulating at all," she says, but "being bright turns [industry]



people off more than it turns them on." The turned-off, according to Berger, are "the sleazebags," mostly men, in and around the business, some of whom actually have the power to advance careers.

Still, she is grateful for the money; she doesn't try to justify her day rate by pointing out how hot a mink coat can be on a shoot in August. She remains mindful of "making more in a day than most people make in a week or a month," and she has the decency to worry aloud about whether "it's spoiling me."

Asking models what they would refuse to do usually leaves them contemplating the limits of their modesty, as in "I don't know if I'd do lingerie." But with Berger, it's a matter of morality, as in "I refused cigarette ads for years." Then one day Philip Morris made her an offer she couldn't immediately refuse. After some days of ethical anguish that few models would bother with, she decided that "if the ad ran, I would donate half the money to the American Cancer Society." The ad didn't run, but she still manages to feel guilty just for having done the shoot.

(And she also refuses to do lingerie.)

Smart model that she is, Berger almost always has a book in her hands. To my delight, though, she couldn't settle on a favorite book, which spared me the possible shame of having to admit I hadn't read it.

SMART MODEL N°

Elizabeth Brown was a member of the Harvard College class of 1983. She studied history and literature, a smartest-of-the-smart-kids major to which undergraduates must apply for acceptance. After graduating, Brown, a Sagittarius, worked for her grandfather, an auto parts manufacturer in Michigan. (She remains very proud of her big sales of gaskets and sun visors to Chrysler.) Then she moved to New York to work in publishing for a year, and after that she went to China to teach English. From China, she moved to Japan, where she continued to teach English but began modeling on the side, in Kyoto and Osaka. Today she models full-time and teaches on the side. "Japanese agencies love foreign faces," Brown says. She finds nothing difficult about modeling. "Baling hay is difficult."

Brown thinks Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* is "the best book in American literature." I could only ask her why, given my ignorance of the work. "Because it's so short."



SMART MODEL N°

Kristine Bonstrom comes from a family brimming with education. Her mother is a college professor, her father is a school administrator and both of her brothers went to Harvard. Bonstrom went to

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Smith to study comparative literature. Her favorite book is *The Brothers Karamazov* (which I promised her I would read someday). On a weekend away from Smith in her second year, she was discovered by a modeling agent named Sabato Russo at the corner of Varick and Watts. These guys really do approach people in the street. "I thought he was a crazy man," says Bonstrom, whose professional name is Cricket. (Pseudonyms are almost as common in modeling as they are in stripping.)

A month after meeting Russo she was on her way to Tokyo, then Milan and finally Paris, where she has worked for the last year. "I wanted to travel," she says of her decision to take a leave of absence from Smith, "and modeling was the easiest way to do it." How does she like the work? "It sucks," she says, "but someone's gotta do it." Needless to say, she is a Taurus.



She will make her New York debut this spring with Ice, a new agency that recruits "European exotics"—what Cricket, a Minneapolis native, is now considered.

SMART MODEL N°

Jan Strimple has a business degree from the University of Akron. The Strimples—her husband, Dan, is a professional golfer—settled in San Antonio, where she found a job as an assistant buyer for Frost Bros. department store. Strimple says that as she worked with designers arranging fashion shows in the store, "they kept looking at me wondering why I wasn't putting on clothes." She is just over six feet tall and has a 34-inch bust, a 24-inch waist, 35-inch hips and a jawline worth big money.

When her husband accepted a job in Dallas, Strimple looked for work there and decided to go for the fast money of

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modeling until she found a real job. She became a house model at Lou Lattimore, where one day designer Bob Mackie breezed through and, of course, discovered her. He told her that if she would come to New York, he could make her a big star. She did, and he did. Strimple made her New York and Paris debuts at the unheard-of age of 28. (In modeling, 21-year-olds lie about their age.)

Strimple has not surrendered her life to modeling stardom. No drugs, late nights or exploitive photographer boyfriends for her. She continues to live a sensible life in Dallas and flies off to assignments as they come up. In the last six weeks she worked in Düsseldorf, Milan, London, Paris, Dal-

tions. And (true to Virgo form) young Reilly, an A student, isn't exactly chomping at that bit. She can't imagine dropping out of high school or college for a modeling career. "My parents wouldn't like that, and I'd just never do it."

In fact, Reilly tries to hide the fact that she's a model. "I don't tell people I'm not close to, because they do believe the stereotype about models being dumb or snobs." So it was an embarrassing day in chemistry class when her "book," the portfolio of her modeling work, fell open on the floor.

Her favorite real book, which she recently reread, is *Huckleberry Finn*. Because memory failed on the details of Twain—it's been more than 20 years—I couldn't quiz her on it. I hoped I'd have better luck with what she's currently reading, which, unfortunately, turned out to be Arthur Miller's *All My Sons*. She gave me a plot summary of the play: "It's a story of how people can do things that are, like, totally wrong for what they think are the right reasons." (I ran that by *Time* magazine's theater critic, Pulitzer Prize winner William A. Henry III, who said, "That is essentially correct.")

witness stand against my client!"

Ramella, who carries Italian and Swiss passports, had to drop out of law school, at the University of Lausanne, at age 20 when she found herself divorced and "on



las, Munich and New York, in that order. Strimple is amused by her success. "I wanted to be a couture buyer," she says. "Instead, I'm a couture clothes wire."

Kay Shutler, who taught Strimple's honors English class in high school, got her "really excited about literature." She started reading the classics then, she says, and hasn't stopped. Her favorite is *Madame Bovary* (another book I've always been meaning to read).

In several hours of conversation with me, Strimple never mentioned her sign or asked about mine, and in her case I didn't have the gumption to broach the subject.

SMART MODEL NO

Alicia Reilly is a 16-year-old junior at one of America's most demanding public high schools, Bronx Science. And she has a live-in guidance counselor: her mother, Priscilla Chavez Reilly, is director of guidance services for the New York City school system, and allows her to work only after school and during vaca-

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SMART MODEL NO

Elisabetta Ramella has an interesting way with anger. It doesn't raise her voice much, but gives it force and momentum. And to think that Ramella almost became a lawyer. The voice would be perfect for addressing a jury with one of those lines I've heard a thousand times: "Show me *one* honest man who took that



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the street with \$250 exactly in my pocket. So I decided to do a year of modeling." People had been telling her for years that she should be a model, but she had scorned the notion. "I thought it was degrading to have to be a model. I thought it was terrible." Six years later she sees it as "a wonderful business" through which she has seen the world and picked up two more languages, for a total of four—Italian, French, German and English—and "learned to say 'I model' without blushing or being embarrassed."

"When I wanted to be a lawyer, I was always trying to make up an excuse for being pretty. You know what I mean? I remember being in school and having to put my hair back and put on glasses. And when I would meet a gentleman at a party or something and he would ask, 'What do you do?' I would say, 'I'm going to be a lawyer. In other words, I was saying, 'Well, shut up now!'" She might go back to school eventually, but to study "something warmer than law, perhaps philosophy or psychology."

She favors Proust, but her favorite book is Dino Buzzati's *Il deserto dei Tartari*, which she described as Kafkaesque (which, thank God, gave me a little running room, because though I've never heard of Buzzati, I have read Kafka).

Ramella will tell anyone her age ("I'm 27 and glad to be") but would not tell me her sign. She was impatient with the subject of smart models—proof, perhaps, that she is one. "I think we live in a time of so much stupidity, from the White House and everywhere else, do we really care whether models are stupid or not?"



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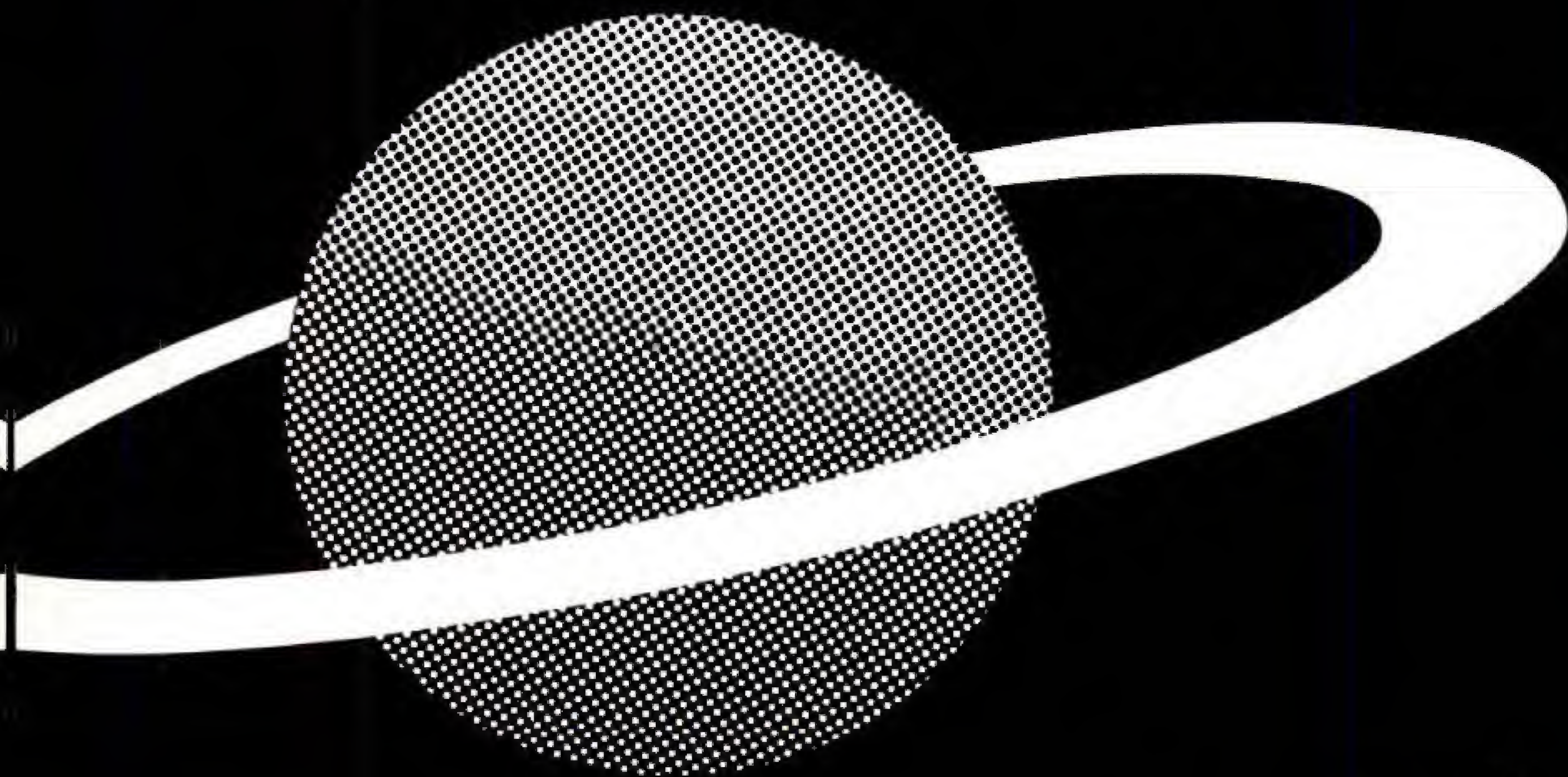
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Lee, We Hardly Knew Ye

After Vegas, the Big Apple was Liberace's number one town. BILL ZEHME, a close personal friend of Lee's, remembers a very special, very moving day in the Russian Tea Room, where, over hot borscht, Mr. Showmanship revealed his very special, very private New York secrets.



I remember Lee as he himself—were he able to remember anything now, God rest his soul—would want to be remembered. Of this I am certain. Why, it was just two years ago that we huddled together in our booth at the Russian Tea Room, laughing and gossiping and slurping borscht, for what seemed like three and a half hours. Not that anyone was counting. When you were around Lee, time stood still. He was that way. “This is *faa*abulous,” said Lee that day, as he probably said every day, in that very warm and very special whine of his. But that’s the kind of man he was.

BY MAN, OF COURSE, I MEAN *GIANT*, although I am sure he could wear a 40 Regular with negligible alterations. But I digress. Lee, we hardly knew ye. Though you are gone, I’ll be seeing you in all the old, familiar places that this heart of mine embraces all the day through. Mostly, however, I’ll see you in that first scarlet banquette beyond the bar, nestled beneath—and looking very much like—the brass samovar and the tinsel garland and the flowers. And I say this with all due respect, because I know that is exactly the way you would take it.

That very special day was pure Lee, and by Lee, of course, I mean Mr. Showmanship, the grandfather of glitter, the sultan of schmaltz, Wisconsin’s favorite son, Wladziu Valentino Liberace. The Russian Tea Room was abuzz, his name on everyone’s lips. But then, New York was his Easter egg that month, as he prepared for his second record-breaking Radio City concert series.

The Lee I knew looked natty as a boulevardier, in a vanilla double-breasted sport coat with turquoise slacks, tie and handkerchief. He had brought with him—because a man of this stature cannot just go out *alone*, you understand—a publicity yenta who kept talking about “killa Bloody Marys,” and a sturdy, bronzed and bejeweled young man with highlighted hair, named Cary-James. Onstage, Cary occasionally played Lee’s “chauffeur,” the one who peeled off Lee’s fabulous furs and, feigning hernias, lugged them into the wings.

I remember once asking Lee—it was that very day, in fact—to name *his favorite fur*. Lee winked at me, as he was wont to do, and mewed, “*The newest one!* Always the newest one!” Oh, how we laughed. We also spoke of his rings and how he had to glue them to his fingers before performances. He did this to prevent fans from pulling the rings off when they shook his hand. “You’d be surprised how often they try,” Lee told me, adding, “Even if they grabbed one and ran like hell, they’d never get out the door.” Cary said, “But people think they *can* really get away with it, to have a piece of you.” It was the publicity hen who then, I think, put it best: “One thing about you, Lee, is that fans are not content to just see you across the room—they want to *touch* you.” We all quietly contemplated that for a moment.

What an appetite for life that man had. But for now, let’s limit it to food. “I’m eatin’ bread like it’s goin’ out of style,” he mused that afternoon. I will always remember the way he ate bread, and this is something I’ve never told anyone. So meticulous was he that after buttering his pumpernickel, he would take the greasy knife and use it to pick up every crumb from the tablecloth. He would then slather the crumbs back onto his bread and gobble it down, repeating the process throughout the meal. I remember thinking, *Here is a man who savors—who luxuriates, if you will.*

I can still hear him ordering his lunch: “Would hot borscht be considered an appetizer?” he asked one of the waiters, who nodded and suggested sour cream on the side. “I like it in the *middle*,” Lee proclaimed. “Then, for an entrée, what am I gonna have? Oh! I *love* chicken Kiev. The butter oozes out?” he inquired. The waiter assured him that it was so. “All right, I’ll have that! And how ’bout a little ratatouille too? Gee, I sound like a horn.” Such was his playfulness with the language.

Wasn’t that exactly like Lee? I think it was. A restaurateur in his own right (his pasta palace, Tivoli Gardens, *is* Las Vegas), Lee knew his way around a griddle. “I’m an experimenter,” he said to me in a rare revelatory moment. “I take a basic recipe and I add to it.” That could have been his philosophy of show business, but, alas,

we were still talking culinary commerce. Recipes for Liberace Lasagne and Liberace Sticky Buns were included in his book *The Wonderful Private World of Liberace*, and I don't mind telling you that both are *delish*, as Lee so often put it. As he himself wrote: "You should serve my sticky buns while they're still warm. . . . Believe me, there'll be none left over." How right he was.

It is no wonder that people were drawn to him, as if he were a shaman. And never were they rebuffed, even when they may have deserved it. There was the furtive approach of Joe Raposo, one of the legends of the business, who wrote songs for *Sesame Street*. "Oh, yes, all that good stuff," said Lee, perhaps a little too graciously, or so I thought. "Mr. Liberace, you're the sweetest man in the world," Raposo said. "We have many friends in common, and they always speak of you with such love." "Aw," said Lee, which was typical of him, "that's nice."

Later, the incomparable Miss Eartha Kitt, in an orange turban, slithered over from another booth, and much hugging ensued. "This gentleman and I used to walk up and down Fifth Avenue

at five o'clock in the morning," she purred, incomparably. "He pointed out the jewelry in the windows of Tiffany's and Cartier's and *never bought me a thing!*"

"Never!" echoed Lee. "But we were great lookers, weren't we? So how've you been? Whatcha doin', whatcha doin'? Tell me."

"Getting ready to go to Europe," she replied. "Where are all your jewels today?"

"I put 'em in the vault."

"I'm still waiting for you to buy me one of those things," Miss Kitt persisted, pointing to the lone opal ring he wore that day.

"I know," sighed Lee. "Cheapo, cheapo."

It should be noted that Lee's New York was really not all that different from your New York or my New York. He may have been holed up that month in a Trump Tower apartment, but Donald Trump was paying. He may have been gorging himself at the RTR, but I was paying. No, Lee's pleasures were the simpler things—and isn't that so telling? "There are so many sights in New York that you could only see here," he would say, profoundly. He rhapsodized over visiting the kitchen of Balducci's. "Everything I admired, I wound up with a carton of," he marveled. Of some hookers he'd seen soliciting outdoors, he crowed delightedly: "They wear *nothing!*" And so enamored was he of the Pathmark supermarket near Chinatown that he boasted of filling three shopping carts whenever he stopped in.

"You know, I found the cutest thing at Pathmark," he practically squealed at one point. "It's a rabbit holding a carrot, and when you squeeze the carrot, it plays 'Easter Parade.' *Soooo* cute. They're only \$8.99, but they look like F.A.O. Schwarz. I mean, they're *faa*abulous. I want to buy one for everybody, but they're completely out of stock. I told 'em to reorder." (I would later learn that he called such bestowals "happy happys.")

The child in Lee, as you can see, was irrepressible. When I mentioned his turn as guest villain on the old *Batman* TV series,

he grew euphoric. "Oh, God, I loved that," he said. "I played a dual role, you know. Two brothers: one was the pianist Chandell, whom I did as an exaggerated Liberace, if that's possible. *Very* exaggerated. The twin was a gangster, so I played him as Edward G. Robinson. I'd be puffin' on cigars and using a gravelly voice." He growled a little here.

I would be remiss not to recall Lee's views on professional wrestling. By coincidence, that very week he was to climb into the ring at the Garden to dance with the Rockettes in "Wrestle-Mania." The prospect made him giddy. Lee told me, "Forget Carnegie Hall, forget Radio City, forget the Royal Command Performance—if my mother were alive today, she would say, 'Son, you finally made it!' She was such a wrestling fan, I can't tell you. This sweet lady who was so proper and so elegant and never said a nasty word in public would sit there in front of the TV and scream, 'Kill the bastard, the dirty son of a bitch!' I'd say, 'Mom! I've never heard those words come out of your mouth!' She'd grit her teeth and scratch at the upholstery and swear some

more. I'd say, 'C'mon, Mom, it's all *fake!*' She'd holler, 'Don't you say that! Look at that blood—it's *real!*' Oh, if she could be here today."

None of this is meant to suggest that Lee and I didn't share serious times in the hours we knew each other. I remember how unsettled he looked when I asked whether he had ever been burned by wax drippings from his candelabra. "I was forced to go electric," was all he said, and I respected him for it. On the subject of overexposure, he became self-conscious and slightly abrupt. "In the late fifties I was on TV ten times a week," he said, gravely. "I got the hell out

of the country and went to London and my career was like brand-new again. There is such a thing as staying too long at the fair, you know?"

For some reason—and I will forever be grateful for this—I got around to asking him about the afterlife. "Actually, I'm sort of in reverse," he confided. "I feel like I lived before. Sometimes when I put on a period costume I seem to know just how to manipulate it. How to put it on. I favor those past eras, which some of my homes reflect. Like the Napoleonic time and the Victorian time. I love imagining I lived in those days." He added, portentously, "The future is something that is less understandable."

What happened minutes later will remain perhaps my most haunting memory of Lee. Another aide arrived bearing dozens of cards for him to sign that would be sent with flowers to friends. Lee wearily drew a long breath and began to write LIBERACE LOVE on every card. "I do have a life of my own," he softly grumped. "Nobody seems to know it but me. You know, it's in my contract that I'm allowed to go to the bathroom. I'm gonna get some of those Depends [diapers], so that when I have to go to the bathroom, I can sit still and let my shorts turn to jelly."

He laughed fabulously and wondered aloud, "Say, who's payin' for all these flowers, anyway?" But that was Lee all over. ☺





CAULFIELD CLONES

by Howard Kaplan

PUBLISHING

THERE'S NEVER been enough J. D. Salinger to go around. When the reclusive writer's name miraculously turned up at the bottom of the famous January petition begging Robert Gottlieb to decline the lustrous editorship of *The New Yorker*, Salinger watchers got so excited, you'd have thought they'd discovered the sequel to *The Catcher in the Rye*. And many middle-aged Holden Caulfields suffered terribly when the courts recently blocked the publication of the Salinger biography by Ian Hamilton (this on the grounds that the book borrowed too heavily from the author's unpublished letters). But Salin-

ger maniacs needn't despair: there are whole armies of *new* Salingers advancing steadily each year.

Or so the book-reviewing community would have us believe: "Think of it as a *Catcher in the Rye* for the M.B.A. set"—PLAYBOY on *Bright Lights, Big City* (1984). Or again: "*Catcher in the Rye* for the MTV generation"—USA TODAY on *Less Than Zero* (1985). Such brand-name comparisons are meant to suggest quality merchandise and, by tacit agreement between publisher and critic, are destined for glory on a book's back cover. And yet the Salinger Stratagem demands a specialized language that all young reviewers need to make their own, and that the following primer sets forth in detail. Let's begin with the *stud farm technique*:

What if one combined elements from J. D. Salinger's Catcher in the Rye and Sylvia Plath's The Bell Jar...? One would have Jill McCorkle's The Cheer Leader.—THE HOUSTON POST (1984)

Sommer writes like a cross between Vonnegut and Salinger.—THE SACRAMENTO BEE on *Lifetime*, by Scott Sommer (1981)

It's *Catcher in the Rye* *plus* *Wind in the Willows*.—Eliot Fremont-Smith in THE VILLAGE VOICE on *Birdy*, by William Wharton (1978)

You can hear the voices of the masters—the descriptive economy of Hemingway, the imaged delicacy of Virginia Woolf, and, above all, the informing echo of J. D. Salinger.—KIRKUS REVIEWS on *Monkeys*, by Susan Minot (1986)

For professors moonlighting as critics, the *character comparison* is especially recommended:

In Kitten, Mr. Gover has given us a memorable figure of unstinting, ingenuous honesty in the tradition of Huck Finn and Holden Caulfield.—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE on *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*, by Robert Gover (1961)

Paulie Bindel is a stunning fictional creation: wise beyond his years, witty, sensitive and perceptive, and with a point of view as fresh as that of Holden Caulfield.—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY on *Temple*, by Robert Greenfield (1983)

Paul Martin is like Holden Caulfield....—THE KNOXVILLE NEWS-SENTINEL on *Squirrelcage*, by Arnold Peyser (1985)

Grace, as virtually every reviewer may note, is one of many reincarnations of Holden Caulfield.—THE PATRIOT LEDGER on the protagonist of *Highlights of the Off-Season*, by Peter J. Smith (1986)

Then there's the well-beloved *second coming* gambit:

The truest novel about growing up since Catcher in the Rye.—John Irving on *Vision Quest*, by Terry Davis (1979)

The best novel about disenchanting youth since Catcher in the Rye.—Philadelphia BULLETIN on *Chilly Scenes of Winter*, by Ann Beattie (1976)

The best young novel by the best young novelist we've read since J. D. Salinger's The Catcher in the Rye.—Cleveland Amory on *Good Times, Bad Times*, by James Kirkwood (1978)

Not since J. D. Salinger has an American writer so feelingly evoked the special affections and loyalties that may develop among children in a large family.—A. R. Gurney

Jr. in THE NEW YORK TIMES Book Review on *Monkeys*, by Susan Minot (1986)

Up the ante with this slight variation—the *generational analogue*:

Captures our era the way The Sun Also Rises and Catcher in the Rye capture theirs.—the Baltimore SUN on *Ladies Man*, by Richard Price (1978)

A kind of Catcher in the Rye of the Vietnam era.—VOGUE on *Birdy*, by William Wharton (1978)

It could be for today's young people what The Catcher in the Rye was for the late 1950's generation.—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE on *Blues for a Dying Nation*, by Gerald Rosen (1972)

[It] is to the early eighties what... The Catcher in the Rye was to the fifties.—Leo Lerman in VOGUE on *Falling in Place*, by Ann Beattie (1980)

Here's a bet even riskier—the *fortune-teller tactic*:

I predict that young men and women will honor [it] as they did Catcher in the Rye.—THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER on *End Zone*, by Don DeLillo (1972)

I predict it will eventually find its place beside great coming-of-age books like The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn and Catcher in the Rye.—Ivan Gold in THE NEW YORK TIMES Book Review on *The Natural Man*, by Ed McClanahan (1983)

[It] will join Catcher in the Rye and A Separate Peace.—THE WASHINGTON POST BOOK WORLD on *Ordinary People*, by Judith Guest (1976)

Finally, and most impressive, go for broke with this classic—*respectful blasphemy*:

[It's] in the tradition of Catcher in the Rye... yet in several ways more satisfying.—THE SIGN on *Hide Fox, and All After*, by Rafael Yglesias (1972)

Along the lines of Catcher in the Rye, but... fiercer and funnier.—Memphis COMMERCIAL APPEAL on *Jack in the Box*, by William Kotzwinkle (1980)

Unlike gushy comparisons to, say, *Catch-22*, which over the years have been bled of their blurb power (Heller made

the mistake of writing more books), the Salinger Stratagem can never be overdone. Publishers often like to launch a two-pronged attack on the back of a single book jacket. From *Kinflicks*, by Lisa Alther (1975):

The most marvelously described teens... since Salinger took us on Holden Caulfield's journey.—SATURDAY REVIEW

The tone of voice throughout is a tone that has been missing in American fiction for years—the speech of breezy survivors, of Holden Caulfield, Augie March, Huckleberry Finn.—THE NEW YORK TIMES Book Review

Even three-pronged attacks are not unknown. From one paperback edition of *Edisto*, by Padgett Powell (1984):

Not since we heard the voice of Holden Caulfield in J. D. Salinger's The Catcher in the Rye have we listened to such an arresting male adolescent.—KANSAS CITY STAR

Simons Manigault is brother to all the literary adolescents... Mailer's D.J., Salinger's Holden Caulfield, Joyce's Stephen Dedalus.—THE NEW YORK TIMES Book Review

It reminds one of The Catcher in the Rye, but it's better—sharper, funnier, more poignant.—Walker Percy ☺

REVENGE OF THE NERDS

by Michèle Bennett

REVIEW
OF
REVIEWERS

IT IS NOT FOR your esteemed Reviewer of Reviewers to claim that she's setting a trend, but something is happening out there. The reviewers *themselves* have started reviewing reviewers. It has become so fashionable that reviewers are even reviewing their *own* reviews, which is new to me.

So in *Insight*, the Sun Myung Moon-financed neoconservative magazine, book critic John Podhoretz reflects on his January 19 review of Gregg Easterbrook's first novel, *This Magic Moment*, and then critiques that review as unsparingly as he had critiqued the novel. "I was wrong," his column begins dramatically. "I apologize."

This in itself is news, as Podhoretz acknowledges: "These words are seldom spoken by journalists. . . ." Responding to a letter from the novelist ("a pained and wonderful letter," writes the critic), Podhoretz admits an error of fact and continues, "The important thing is to deal with Easterbrook's more interesting criticism of my article—one that is eminently justified and worth thinking about: 'Would your review,' he asks, 'have read exactly the same if you hadn't known the author's identity going in? If the answer to that isn't no, then in your heart you have not been fair.'"

And Podhoretz looked into his heart and replied, "He is right. As I made clear in my article, Easterbrook is a journalistic alumnus of *The Washington Monthly* magazine, the primary journal of neoliberalism. . . ."

The born-and-bred neoconservative critic beats his breast: "And I have worse to confess to. . . I thought a little better of 'This Magic Moment' than I was willing to let on, and I suppressed this for the purposes of my attack on neoliberalism." How did such bias occur, the apologetic Podhoretz asks himself. "I was rushed," he explains. "I was in a bad mood and I wrote a lousy piece." And he didn't plead the Fifth.

Mr. John "Cruel to Be Kind" Simon, the hated drama critic of *New York* magazine, asked, in his sweet way, about Andrei Serban's acclaimed *Fragments of a Greek Trilogy*, "Why does such arrant nonsense thrive?" His answer: the critics. (With, of course, the exemplary exception of himself.) "First, because the critics, either out of honest benightedness and gullibility or out of dishonest cowardice ('Who knows, this might be genius, and then where will I and my review be?'), proclaim it a masterpiece." In other words, all ye honestly benighted, gullible, dishonest cowards known as drama critics, *listen to your leader!*

Novelist John Gregory Dunne reviewed his own critics in *Esquire*, and he, among others, does not care to listen to

John Simon, or, if his column is to be believed, to any critic. "I suppose I am thinking about reviews this early autumn day," he wrote poetically in the February *Esquire*, "because by the time this piece is published my new book [*The Red White and Blue*] will have run the gauntlet." In fact, what Dunne is thinking about is paying off old scores, though he doesn't seem to know it. He tries to convince himself, "Ultimately it is a waste of time to reply directly to your critics; to do so is only a public acknowledgment that the shot hit home, and that one's feelings are hurt. What it comes down to is this: would I rather do what I do, as badly as some of my critics say I do it, or what they do, as well as they think they do it?"

Is that really what it comes down to? Why, then, does Dunne use his column to attack critics such as William F. Buckley Jr. and John Lahr? Because Buckley and the splendid Lahr don't happen to think Dunne is as good as he presumes he is. And his feelings are hurt. Another critic who doesn't think Dunne is so hot is the dread John Simon, who once dared to criticize the author's syntax. And here—*aha!*—is the wounded Dunne's opportunity to get even: "The last time I saw Mr. Simon he was having dinner in the billiard room of a thirty-four-room apartment on Park Avenue. Honesty [he means *vengeance*] compels me to report, in the interests of those actresses whose tinny voices and pendulous breasts and flabby muscle tone he has maligned, that a gilet of quiche decorated his primary chin, and his teeth, all too visible as he ate, seemed the product either of bad dentistry or a stagnant genetic pool."

In the interest of generosity of spirit, that seems to lack a certain lightness of touch to me. And so, in his schoolmasterly way, does Robert Palmer of *The New York Times*, advising readers on how to buy a new rock 'n' roll record, if you please. "Consider the case of the person who reads books and takes an interest in contemporary literature. The literate consumer would never dream of limiting his or her reading to books that are given elaborate advertising campaigns and plugged on the 'Tonight' show. It's necessary to read reviews, not in one publication but in several. . . ." Necessary? *Several?* Palmer clearly has more confidence in reviewers than, for example, graceless John Gregory Dunne. The

problem is, Palmer makes it sound as if we're cramming for a five-day exam. "Like the dedicated reader," he continues, "the rock-and-roll enthusiast needs to search out new and rewarding music. Reading several publications that regularly review pop music is a must. So is listening to college radio stations or other outlets for minority music." Anything else we must do? "Attending shows, and particularly investigating some of the newer performers who seem to be attracting notice and building reputations, is highly recommended."

Thanks. On the other hand, *Times* TV critic John Corry took his colleagues to task by pointing out that none of the critics who previewed *Amerika* with such sound and fury had actually seen it. "One hears the voice of the late Francis Cardinal Spellman," Corry wrote, "when he ascended the pulpit at St. Patrick's Cathedral to denounce the movie 'Baby Doll.' The Cardinal never saw the movie. He never found it necessary. He only knew what he disliked."

The "appropriation" art of the very highly marketable David Salle at the Whitney Museum has been compared by critics and curators to that of Picasso, Courbet, Magritte, Goya, Caravaggio, Manet, De Kooning—you name it. Kay Larson of *New York* added Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg "and especially Sigmar Polke." But it took the bracing Aussie spirit of *Time* magazine's Robert Hughes to cut through the nonsense, call Salle a man of straw and throw him and his admiring critics onto the barbie. "Not even Salle's most devout fans seem able to say what his pictures are *about*, for all their literary overtones," thundered Crocodile Hughes. "They are laden with sexual imagery—Salle's work seems to owe a lot to a brief stint he did as a layout man for the porn magazine *Stag* in the mid-'70s—but that imagery comes out as congealed, monotonous sleaze. Salle's nudes are mere signs for bimbos, not erotic presences, and their popularity may be linked to the cynicism of their sexual politics. . . ." Then Crocodile concluded with a coup de grace: "'Salle's images,' remarks the show's curator, Janet Kardon, in the catalog, 'often seem directed *away* from us, as if we were not the right audience.' Lovers of serious painting can only agree."

When it comes to lovers of serious Woody Allen, movie reviewers usually

reach unthinkingly for the superlatives, comparing him to Bergman, Fellini, Chaplin, Keaton, Preston Sturges, Rembrandt or Manet (or Sigmar Polke, for all I know) in terms of visuals and, inevitably, to Chekhov in terms of practically anything. "Somehow, one thinks of Chekhov," wrote Richard Schickel about *Radio Days* in *Time*. David Edelstein added in *The Village Voice*, "In *Radio Days*, he has crafted a polyphonic mood piece, a cross between Fellini's *Amarcord* and Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*..."

All it takes to qualify, it seems, is (a) a sense of family and (b) nostalgia. In such a way, *The Joe Franklin Show* might therefore be considered Chekhovian. For myself, I tend to think there's a difference between *The Cherry Orchard* and something as light and as slight as *Radio Days*, just as there is perhaps a difference between *The Sea Gull* and *Bananas*. "Critics (myself included)," Edelstein continued, "have made facile connections between Allen's later work and Chekhov; I'm doing so here not to suggest that the two artists are similar (they aren't)..." Didn't he just say that *Radio Days* is "a cross between Fellini's *Amarcord* and Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*"? Not quite, it seems. He's making the comparison, or rather not making the comparison, in order to "consider those qualities in Chekhov that Allen wants to emulate." All clear now? Edelstein, you see, has a theory: "Chekhov, too, began as a humorist..."

Enter the magisterial Andrew Sarris of the *Voice* to put all in critical perspective. "Indeed," he writes in his article entitled "Is Woody Strictly Kosher?," "it is easy to dismiss Allen by concluding that a Chekhov he is not... And in cinema Allen is clearly not Chaplin nor Keaton nor Bergman nor Fellini. What then is Woody Allen besides Woody Allen?" That's the \$64,000 question, and Sarris takes a stab. "I would suggest simply that Woody is more relaxed than he used to be, and with relaxation has come a liberation of his unconscious"—such an old Freudian beatnik, this Sarris—"so that he now intuitively knows when to stop and when to continue and, above all, when to drift into a state of weightlessness."

So there you have it. Woody Allen turns out to be an astronaut. And why not? As the heroic Phil McConkey of the Giants said to an opera lover, "It's a free country." ☺

HOT AIR

FROM ON HIGH

by Celeste de Brunhoff

REVIEW
OF
EDITORS

LIKE ALISTAIR Cooke, I now turn in my overstuffed armchair to remind forgetful readers where we stand. I began last month's column with this argument: "Surely running a magazine is a lonely proposition. How else to explain the insecurities publishers and editors so sedulously display in the 'Notes' and 'Letters' they write to introduce their publications? Like children at their first sock hop, the authors alternate between bashfulness and false bravado, running a shy comb through their hair while sneaking glances across the gym at their audience, thinking only this: *Please like my magazine; please like me.*"

I then irrefutably proved this thesis with judicious reference to the work of *New York Woman* editor Betsy Carter, *Us* editor Jann Wenner, past and current *Time* publishers Richard B. Thomas and Robert L. Miller, and *Life* managing editor Judith Daniels, whose lame transition sentences I made far too much fun of.

Speaking of ending sentences with a preposition, I ended last month with the *proposition* (hello, Judy!) that *Vanity Fair* editor in chief Tina Brown's prose soufflés are swollen with vainglory. In January, Brown changed her Editor's Letter photo to reflect her recent weight change. The old head-on one was dignified and attractive. The new one, a three-quarter profile shot, shows Brown looking all morning-after and tousle-haired and, curiously, serves only to highlight her nose, a proboscis that photographs much larger than it actually is.

Nose aside, Brown bedecks herself with the tin-pot pomp and hauteur of a head of state. "Once in a while I meet someone who intrigues me enough to want to write about them myself," HRH Tina wrote, introducing her piece on

Gayfryd Steinberg. Finally, a mountain worthy of Mohammed.

Brown also displays an inadvertent (and matchless) capacity for embarrassing the magazine's subjects, as well as its own writers. In October she dubbed actor Klaus Maria Brandauer a "knockout knockwurst." Last March, "[Sean] Penn charmed the pants off writer James Wolcott—no easy task." And introducing Stephen Schiff's portrait of Kelly McGillis, Brown told how Schiff "licks his lips and sinks his teeth into Hollywood's new voluptuousness."

Tina defines *vulgarity*. Consider November's introit: "Sometimes a magazine is in the thrilling position of making history." And the breathtaking Hegelian pivot? A Helmut Newton picture of Salvador Dali with a feeding tube in his nose.

Consider Brown's August paean to Dominick Dunne, who had met with Imelda Marcos in Hawaii: "People love to talk to him because he has a gift for intimacy that is real and generous. It goes with a large capacity for human sympathy drawn from a life that has had its own extremes of limelight and tragedy. While he never loses his extraordinary news sense, he is not afraid to be moved. That is what makes him a quintessential *Vanity Fair* writer." And really, weren't we all moved by the plight of the poor little Dragon Lady plagued by listless domestics and a shortage of shoe trees?

Consider, finally, Brown's discourse on Maria Shriver in February 1986: "After seeing Arnold Schwarzenegger's bionic biceps in *Commando*, many nicely brought up girls might feel a certain trepidation about climbing aboard his iron knee, but Maria plans to marry Mr. Schwarzenegger in April." (The "iron knee" is surely a euphemism; Brown's writing is permeated with salaciousness. She began June's missive by noting that "royal blood is a great aphrodisiac. Even the most liberated women turn to jelly at the first flash of a scepter." Frankly, Tina, this is one liberated woman who doesn't think of herself as a scepter receptor.) Brown noted in her first letter, in September 1985, that "it seemed quite likely that when the monthly fight for space happened the first page I'd kill would be Tina Brown's." Keep your fingers crossed.

But it would be a shame if someone killed *Cosmopolitan's* Step Into My Parlor, written by another Brown, Tina's elder

sister, Helen Gurley Brown. (Okay, okay. But these transitions are *tough*.) Brown's slumber-party sensibility is simply too marvelous; her stream-of-consciousness renderings of her smashing-fab life-style resist analysis as obdurately as a Derrida essay. I splash about in her prose as I would in a bubble bath.

Travel with husband David is Brown's favorite hobbyhorse. In July 1985 she described their Asian junket: "My beloved was quite intrepid with the cab drivers who spoke *no* English, and you-know-*who* didn't speak what *they* spoke." (And they're so deliciously *inscrutable*!)

Brown's descriptions turn inward and seek epiphany at the close. In October she concluded (emphases and ellipses hers): "May I just tell you *this* 'encouraging truth' that kept my unmarried girlfriends and me going when I was single—and you know I didn't marry until I was thirty-seven. It only takes *one*...one imperfect, flawed, loving, decent human being...you are *not* trying to recruit twelve members for a local jogging club or line up a seminar. *Uno. Un. One!* If you really *want* one (and you may *not!*), he's out there.

"The photo (above) shows me with Walter Cronkite, who visited COSMO recently and charmed us mercilessly.

"Go spook *somebody* this Halloween!"

The loopy final fillip is a Brown trademark: many of her ultimate enjoinders are near-haiku. Parse and ponder last summer's lotus blossom:

*"You are to light
up the skies this June,
little firefly."*

Finally, there is Phillip Moffitt. Moffitt, then editor in chief of *Esquire*, sold the magazine to the Hearst Corporation in December so that he could devote himself to writing. This was not a good career move.

Moffitt's *Esquire* Journal introduced not the magazine but Moffitt, in all his est-perplexed, maundering, bathetic splendor—no ghostwriters here. (Incredibly, when *Esquire* put forward nine of its articles for the 1985 National Magazine Awards, Moffitt nominated three of his own *Esquire* Journals in the Essays & Criticism category, displacing far worthier essays.)

Moffitt, who walked through his office with his head down so he wouldn't have to greet his employees, had equal difficulty recognizing his emotions. But when a

mysteriously unmasculine sentiment did surface, he felt compelled to confess it with a confrontational earnestness bordering on incoherence. Only Moffitt could write, "Inside, the house was so cut off from its own soul that it could not give shelter to mine." Canny readers tuck into a Moffitt piece with glee.

Last November, Moffitt's "The Secret of Friendship" (subheadlined by a stoic, despairing editor "Sometimes it's knowing what not to expect") took up his relationship with an elderly female friend, and weathercocked about until both writer and reader were exhausted. I would quote it in full had I space, but herewith the high points: "We stopped by a little bench. It was her sixty-ninth birthday. I said for the umpteenth time, 'Happy, happy birthday, Primma,' which is my name for her. She was born Praxythea, into a Greek-American family in Baltimore. She looked up at me, her white hair beautiful in the light, her face deadly earnest, and asked, 'Do you think my adventures are over?' I laughed, hugged her, and replied, 'There is not even a *slight* chance of that being true; your life itself *is* adventure.' She smiled that smile of hers [that elusive, ineffable, indescribable smile], and we strolled on, silent for the rest of our walk. . . . Who knows what she first was to me? Maybe a modern-day version of the wise woman in ancient tribal times, but certainly not a counselor or a mother figure. *What I remember feeling is that this woman could be my friend. . . .*"

Yes, it's lonely at the top. ☺

LESSONS FOR THE ONE-MINUTE MANAGER

by Luc Sante



THOMAS DE QUINCEY, who was always several seasons ahead of the latest fashions, warned that "if once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think

little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking." How ominously these words ring in the precincts of today's madcap business community! The felony so casually committed, the assault on lives and livelihoods so nonchalantly engineered, will eventually break down the moral fiber of the executive and make it all too easy for him or her to intrude on the grace and order and good manners that should pervade the office and the boardroom.

We are all aware, of course, of the dark chain of circumstances that began on a winter night last year in Queens, when Borough President Donald Manes was found bleeding behind the wheel of a 1984 Ford LTD. He had attempted suicide, and eventually he succeeded; and from this pebble thrown into the pond the rings spread out through the city, gathering momentum and dramatis personae: from suicide to extortion, to fraud, to bribery, to associating with known felons, to gluttony and intemperance, to harassment of photographers. Where, indeed, will it all end? Surely someday soon prominent officials will be discovered using profane language. It is whispered that several have been rude to waiters.

Fortunately, there remains a group of watchful citizens—prosecutors, journalists and ordinary men and women—who keep tabs on officials and bring them to heel as their crimes increase. The pattern is ever similar, its chilling design repeated again and again as if preordained. With Ivan Boesky, large-scale profiteering led to sneakiness, and thence to talebearing; in the case of the Helmsleys, a similarly ambitious cupidity inspired sales tax evasion, and that in turn brought about tampering with documents. Likewise, in the highest echelons of our government, the financing of slaughter in Central America necessitated first double-dealing, then secretiveness. The public's ire was aroused, however, when their elected officials were discovered to be cultivating friendships with disreputable foreign elements, even giving them gifts. Nor is this sort of unsavory behavior restricted to the powerful. It has seeped into every corner of American capitalism. Managers everywhere must be reminded that felons are apt to become lax about business ethics and that killers, in particular, will seldom give good weight. A couple of recent cases underline the need for early detection of

potentially sloppy managerial practices.

Out on the West Coast, the murder trial of Joe Hunt has finally gotten under way. Hunt, 27, is the founder and former leader of the Billionaire Boys Club, an incorporated fraternal organization devoted to increasing the wealth of its membership. Hunt—whose real name is Joseph Gamsky—is handsome, well groomed and charismatic, and he shows a talent for organization, though with perhaps a mite too much gusto. The club's worldview emphasized forthrightness and efficiency. "Black is white and white is black and there are many shadings in between," said Hunt oracularly. "You did what you had to do under the circumstances to achieve your goal, and I guess the ends justified the means," explained club member Evan Dicker. Now, this is not terribly different from the thinking of, say, Malcolm Forbes, but Hunt and the boys may have been rather more creative about their interpretation.



An investor, journalist and self-described con man named Ronald Levin apparently bilked Hunt and company with a \$5 million financing scheme that turned out to be fraudulent. According to charges brought by the California state prosecutor, the boys may then have shot Levin and dumped his body in the Soledad Canyon, although said body has never been found. Sometime later, Hedayat Eslaminia, a former official in the shah's regime, was kidnapped, tortured and killed in an alleged effort to persuade him to turn over his assets to his disinherited son Reza, a club member. The trial has begun more than two years after the case broke, after numerous legal complications and in a climate of rumor and hyperbole in which the club has been described as a cult, and Hunt as Manson-

like. If the charges prove to be true, the case will serve as a timely warning against excessive capitalist zeal, especially among those enthusiastic youngsters of the business world. The fact that Hunt was fingered by associates also points to the need for organizational loyalty, without which a competitive position simply cannot be maintained.

Closer to home, there is the case of Richard Kuklinski of Dumont, New Jersey, alleged to be a dealer in drugs and videotapes, whose enthusiasm was such that he apparently disposed of his potential clients as soon as they showed up for transactions. This is, of course, an insane way to run a business, since, with no repeat customers, it precluded any chance of developing a solid reputation. Kuklinski was charged with killing George Maliband and Louis Masgay, on separate occasions, when they came to buy or sell pornographic videotapes, and Paul Hoffman when he attempted to buy \$22,000 worth of prescription drugs. Kuklinski is also charged with disposing of a partner of his, as well as that partner's roommate. Furthermore, he is said to have bragged of these intemperate deeds, publicly congratulating himself for his ingenuity in, for example, spicing a client's hamburger with cyanide. A federal agent set up Kuklinski by inventing both a cocaine dealer in search of a deal and the cyanide with which to rub the pseudodealer out—which suggests that the miscreant would sooner or later have succumbed to a fast-talking competitor. Several years of success had made him cocky.

These are, granted, extreme cases, but the dangers of overenthusiasm are present in every business. Is there any protection against these temptations, these weaknesses that may affect even the most conscientious manager? Perhaps one might look to the example of Arthur Owens. Owens, founder and president of Sports and Health Club Inc., a Minneapolis-based chain of six workout salons, went straight to the top and named God as the owner of his business. Not only did this ensure the maintenance of strict moral standards, it also enabled the corporation to follow particularly elevated guidelines in personnel matters: no atheists, homosexuals or persons living in sin needed apply. Unfortunately, some bureaucratic quibbles raised by the state's Human Rights Department forced the

company to pay some \$40,000 in fines and to take steps toward selling out. One can only suppose that at the time, God was in conference, or out of town. **D**

GAMES

GREEDY

PEOPLE PLAY

by William A. Henry III

TELEVISION

LITTLE MINDS may twitter over the decision by Cap Cities/ABC to push Peter "the Pipe" Jennings's newscast up by half an hour to 6:30 p.m. and thereby pit the 7:00 p.m. CBS and NBC news against a retread game show called *Jeopardy!* But deep thinkers know that the pleasures to be derived from the news are exactly the same as those to be derived from game shows—watching other people take pratfalls. In an age of complacent self-congratulation, young professionals and blue-haired coupon clippers alike know that a large part of one's own joy and sense of good fortune is a certain secret pleasure at other people's comparative ill fate—whether overt brainlessness, as evinced by game show contestants, or the combination of bad judgment and bad luck to be arrested, laid off, killed or singled out in any other way on the nightly news. With so much grand buffoonery leaking out of the White House, it's hard for any game show to compete with the news these days. Still, ABC may be onto something.

Jeopardy! might not, however, be exactly the right show to pit against the news. Too many of its contestants betray hints of education; some appear even to have read books. A better idea might be *The Joker's Wild*. For falling-about laughter, it's difficult to top the responses to this toughie: "His only comedy is *Ah, Wilderness!*, but this American playwright is best known for his autobiographical tragedy, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*." One slyboots answered with that American playwright Noël Coward. The other con-

tender countered with that well-known Yank George Bernard Shaw.

The game show *Scrabble* had to drop a requirement that contestants spell out the word they were trying to guess. Although players could grasp the comic definitions and pronounce the desired words, nearly half the time they misplaced letters or supplied ones that couldn't possibly be there in any language. The original audience for these shows was housewives who wanted to assure themselves that their minds hadn't completely atrophied. But they have, and since shows need winners—even half-witted ones—the tests keep getting easier. Just like the SATs.

Even *Jeopardy!* has lately been publicizing itself on ABC as a "trivia" program. Whole series of questions are devoted to pop music, TV reruns, defunct movie stars, alliterative phrases and pairs of clichés that share a key word. This tends to diminish the point of the whole exercise, which is to watch gleefully as other people fail to dredge up information that readily swims to the surface of your own brain even through the pellucid waters of the third martini.

Still, there are lots of shows left that let one revel in others' inanity: *The \$1,000,000 Chance of a Lifetime*, where couples need more than the allotted 60 seconds to guess the names of presidents by filling in the blanks of such phrases as M—LL—RD F—LLM—R—. Or *Headline Chasers*, where they need an additional clue to puzzle out the 1969 news item M— W—KS ON M—N.

When being a smarty-pants against a screenful of dummies begins to pall, there's an even more satisfying array of game shows—the Normalcy Shows. On these, the correct answer is never the one that only some semieducated prig would know, but simply the most popular—that is, "normal"—response. These are the offspring of the late, lamented *Match Game*, on which contestants had to finish a Henny Youngman-esque one-liner with the most obvious kicker, and *Family Feud*, on which players had to ape the responses of a studio sample of 100 people to such questions as "Name something a teenager borrows." On today's *Card Sharks*, you gain the right to play for bigger money by guessing, for example, what percentage of women surveyed would proposition a man. The weaker your own personality and the more susceptible you

are to normative influence, the sooner you get to the cards.

Very close in concept is *The New Newlywed Game*, one of the most enduring shows, on which recently married couples try to echo each other's answers to such questions as "Where did you first make whoopie?" Typically, husband and wife rarely recall the same rendezvous. They also don't seem to know each other's best friends, old flames, favorite foods or pet peeves, which must be pretty reassuring to singles in the audience. According to someone who claims to have witnessed it, one wife's answer to "What is your husband's favorite place to make whoopie?" was "In the butt." And the most common answer to "Name your favorite foreign country" is, believe it or not, Hawaii.

The pleasure this kind of show affords is the right to scorn the masses even when they're not pretending to know as much as you do. While not so piquant as jeering at an ignorant Average American on *Jeopardy!* (or one lamenting his fate on the *CBS Evening News*), this has its charms.

As a straightforward replacement for the evening news, however, the ideal would be one of the gambling shows, on which knowledge and normalcy are subordinate to sheer luck. Perhaps these should be called Greed Shows. The sensible soul will take reasonable winnings and stop. But the contestant who enters into the true Reno spirit of the game keeps rolling until he goes bust—rather like Ivan Boesky, Bunky Hunt or a senile U.S. senator perennially seeking reelection. These shows operate on exactly the same principle as the little morality tales on the nightly news: when people overreach themselves, they fail, whether it is some born loser taking one spin too many on *Press Your Luck*, reciting all the while the useless mantra "No whammies, no whammies," or Mike Deaver trying for just one more client before his employers catch on that there's no there there.

In a class by itself is *Wheel of Fortune*, which comes on just after the news in New York. It started out as a prototypical Greed Show, but now it seems to want to ape Lady Bountiful and dispense its largess, which is not cash but K Mart-tacky merchandise. You "win" dollars but can't keep them—you have to spend them on stuff you wouldn't give your Aunt Mildred, as Pat Sajak readily admits. ("Another day, another ceramic dog given

away," he says with a Quaalude smile.) When a contestant has a nice little nest egg stored up, Sajak usually hints that it's time to play safe and solve the puzzle, lest the player spin LOSE A TURN or BANKRUPT and lose it all.

Sometimes you can qualify as greedy just by showing up. When Fred Bernstein, a senior writer for *People* magazine, appeared on *Wheel of Fortune* a few years ago, he tried to gain audience empathy by describing himself simply as a "freelance writer." He then blew this attempt at self-deprecating appeal by talking optimistically about his chances of winning an all-expense-paid foundation grant to do research in Antarctica, a prize that put to shame everything on the wheel that day. That was his fatal sin: he was greedy by virtue of appearing intelligent and fully capable of earning things for himself, rather than appearing normal and waiting for the lottery lightning to strike. He promptly landed on the BANKRUPT pie wedge for seven straight turns. Sounds, come to think of it, just like a story from Charlie Kuralt. ☺

BONES

TO PICK

by Moira Hodgson



EATING

WHEN I HEARD recently that Laurent, a fancy French restaurant in midtown, served bones for lunch on Thursdays, I was surprised. What kind of businessman on an expense account goes out and orders and eats a \$20 plate of bones?

The restaurant, on 56th Street between Park and Lexington, is the sort of old-fashioned establishment your grandmother would love. The decor is mock Tudor, with thick red carpets, wood-paneled walls and fake mullioned windows; there are lipstick-red banquettes and comfortable, soft red chairs at tables set too far apart for serious eavesdropping. An ornate silver vase of pink gladioli greets you as you enter, and small 1930s



boutique lamps shed an intimate glow over the tables. You can imagine the Duke and Duchess of Windsor coming here for one of their famous silent lunches; when he ate, it is rumored, she—to create the impression of animated talk—would recite the alphabet.

Laurent has been serving bones to its customers ever since it first opened; in 1951 they cost \$2.50 as part of a complete lunch. And even in this age of bonelessness, when everyone else is serving fillets, paillards and medallions, Laurent's bones are popular. They are so popular, in fact, that you have to reserve them in advance—sometimes two or three weeks ahead. Over the years, according to Laurent Losa, the owner (who is known as Monsieur Laurent), they have been favorites of Henry Luce III (and his stepmother, Clare Boothe Luce, whom M. Laurent used to watch scolding her boy at the table), Tyrone Power, Salvador Dali and Ed Sullivan. Faye Dunaway, he says, cannot get enough of them.

I did not see Faye Dunaway the Thursday that six of us went to eat bones. But I did see two women in wraparound sunglasses (one wore hers on top of her head), and many tables of businessmen.

The waiter, a professional of the old school, in black tie with a napkin over his wrist, arrived with the menu. We were relieved to see that the prix fixe entitled us to more than just bones. To start, we could choose among such stalwarts as céleri rémoulade or moules ravigote—or grapefruit juice—and to finish, there was a selection of time-honored desserts: oeufs à la neige, dacquoise and chocolate mousse. I felt that I should have been wearing a cinch belt, long gloves and a picture hat. Of course, we ordered the wine of the fifties, Châteauneuf-du-Pape.



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When we had finished our céleri rémoulade, the waiter returned with an enormous silver platter heaped with what looked like the trophies of an archaeological dig. The bones are leftovers from the roast beef that is served from a trolley on Wednesday nights. They are sliced into two- or three-inch pieces, spread with Dijon mustard, rolled in bread crumbs and gently broiled so that the crumbs form a crust (like the traditional coating on broiled pig's feet), and served with a mustard sauce, tiny roast potatoes and Brussels sprouts.

M. Laurent brought the recipe with him from the Hotel Marguery, which used to stand at the corner of Park and 47th (the old Union Carbide building). He was maître d' there for six years before the restaurant closed and he opened his own place. He inherited the bones recipe from the old Ritz, where bones were served for 75 cents a plate in 1939. "In those days people loved the old-fashioned dishes like tripe à la mode de Caen, rognons sautée and deviled pig's feet," he says. "But now people are diet-conscious. So only the bones survived."

We gnawed the bones greedily and barked for more. Soon we felt that the correct place for us was under the table, on our hands and knees. We wouldn't have minded if the waiter had tossed them to us. But when we had eaten our fill, we obediently rinsed our paws in genteel silver finger bowls. Then we turned our attention to the oeufs à la neige.

No one asked for a doggy bag. ☹

DANCING ON THE STREET

by Nancy Vreeland Dalva

WALL STREET

THERE IS NO curtain. Instead, as in much recent performance art, the audience walks in on a work already in progress but not officially begun. Giant electric fans stir the chill air. Performers enter and exit via



Party

NOT ALTOGETHER TRUE



ALTOGETHER TRUE (HONEST) These two hopped-up *On the Waterfront* fanatics almost succeeded in crashing the gala tribute to Elia Kazan at the Waldorf, but the wacky handwriting on their home-made name tags gave them away (above).



Downtown fright fixture Larissa models Playskool fashions (right).



Club A recently installed the *Dr. Ruth Dancercise for Good Sex Machine* in a corner of its dance floor. The mechanized wax cast of the pint-size therapist wears a sizzling leather skirt and gyrates in place whenever someone drops a quarter in the slot. Illustrious dance "partners" spotted so far include (above, left to right) former late-night talk-show host David Brenner, *Ask Dr. Ruth* producer John Lollo, Mr. Dr. Ruth and Gloria Steinem (in a dashing new hairstyle), who stopped by to show that it's a powerful statement against outmoded and oppressive social conventions for sisters to dance together at expensive clubs.

Poop



Keith Fernly and Simon F (above). Ever notice how people begin to look like their pets?

Party



Onetime Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade balloon and fatgirl Dianne Brill (above) looks svelte and decorous at Nell's after a few months on the SPY diet.



THE SILLY RICH Duncan Chapman tells a joke to Pandora Biddle at Nanou (above, top), but eerily tan swimwear queen Carmen d'Alessio outdoes him by telling Prince Dimitri of Yugoslavia a marvelous, marvelous story about a swizzle stick (middle and bottom).



WHITE RUSSIAN DOS AND DON'TS (the Bal Blanc at the Plaza) *Don't* overdo the false eyelashes and press-on nails: lolapalooza Gertrude Swope, with Grant Tinker impersonator Walter Stane (right). *Don't* wear this: Princess Alexis Obolensky, with the more presentable Princess Ivan Obolensky (below). *Do* wear a versatile reversible fur busby: Martha Reed, with John Westergard (below left), perfectly appropriate for midnight blini and daytime onion rings, at a party for Rania, a Saudi fashion designer (below, far left).

FOSSILS Above: 98-year-old Hamilton Fish finger-paints with his 14-year-old poodle (that's 98 in dog years) at the 14th Street Armory.



Poop

FOR HIRE Pretty Ashford and cloven-hoofed Simpson (below) help out one of the corporate sponsors of "A Taste of Manhattan," "the ultimate 'grazing' party," to benefit the National Multiple Sclerosis Society.



WHAT THE CAMERA MAKES THEM DO At Palladium (left), a poor, scruffy teen—a runaway? a Salvadoran refugee? the granddaughter of a chanteuse?—is so intent on grinning at the camera that she is oblivious to the gropings of her acquaintances, men-about-town Peter Allan and Arthur Altschul Jr.





ramps, moving about an enormous playing area in mysteriously purposeful ways.

The setting is colossal: above, great banners fly—orange, light blue, red, turquoise—drawing the eye up to a white-and-gold ceiling. Below, computer billboards gibber—all the letters of the alphabet chasing one another, flashing green, flashing yellow. Digital clocks race. From 14 circular structures—way stations suggesting tables at a charity gala, exhibits at an industrial fair, souvenir booths enticing pilgrims at a religious shrine—protrude little video display terminals mounted on extension arms like hospital televisions. Larger terminals are mounted piggyback, so that wherever one looks, one sees screens.

Two balconies overlooking the performance space provide grudging accommodation for the audience (much like the recent setup at La Mama for Meredith Monk's *The Quarry*). The performance they attend is part spectacle, part happening, a colossal six-and-a-half-hour event both modern and postmodern. There are echoes here of Duchamp and Cunningham (aleatory procedures, pedestrian movement) and what look like homages to Ping Chong and Monk—an obsession with computer-generated imagery, a dictator figure on a balcony. It is this figure, in fact, who officially starts the action.

Dressed in a nondescript wool business suit, he appears on a small balcony decorated with flags and sits on a black leather throne. He rises and a bell sounds, although he does not ring it. Instead, his movement is the cue for the sound, so that the effect is distanced, alienated, indirect—technological rather than personal. He disappears.

Meanwhile, beneath him, the most immediate change takes place on the bill-

boards—flashing numbers replace the letters. Soon the speed of the dance and the number of participants increase, so that the point of the event seems to be its vastness. Gradually, as one watches, patterns of movement and the rules of performance behavior emerge, as do certain individuals: a blond woman in a green sweater, a man seated on a stool, reading a newspaper. But in this act, one is overwhelmed by numbers—the numbers on the board and the numbers of people.


At first it seems impossible to tell the cast members apart, for the bland fluorescent lighting blurs their faces. Further, many are costumed in bright cotton jackets (yellow, red, light blue, orange, dark blue or green) over dark trousers, so that the viewer's eye links them into chains or groups. Most of the activity is individual, but one must make an effort to differentiate it. Some players are stationary and perform simple, repetitive movements, as if in a parody of minimalism. Others are travelers, their direction seemingly random. Their paths are determined in part by the placement of the 14 stations. On this stage there is no diagonal movement. Everyone travels in spirals; the pattern is all swirls and eddies. There is no set musical accompaniment.

From time to time this bustle of simultaneous solos is punctuated by interactions that look like improvisation: bumping, brushing, signaling by shoulder tapping. Certain performers wearing large X's seem to be excused—or prohibited—from participating. The space around them is, to some extent, inviolable. Nothing explains their isolation.

All of the action is complicated by a kind of hide-and-seek effect: performers disappear from time to time behind one or another of the stations. Some reemerge immediately; others vanish, and their eventual reemergence goes unheralded. Throughout, most of the movement is unremarkable but various, with a great deal of individual interpretation occurring within a narrow movement context—walking, running, low leaping.

Because the performance is viewed from above, the backdrop for the work is actually its ground, and it figures in the cumulative impact. From the first moments, the performers seemingly conspire to obliterate the floor. As they perform their tasks or travel on their spiral paths they carry squares of paper—yellow,

white, pink—and discard them. Slowly at first, then more rapidly, the wooden planking disappears, buried in confetti.

Finally, the number of the performers, the scale of their setting and the perspective afforded by the elevation of the audience impose a viewpoint: one sees the scene in its entirety, as a kind of canvas or screen, with all the elements fusing in impersonal, triumphant abstraction. 

Performances are Monday through Friday, from 9:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Spectators come and go throughout the day. Admission can be arranged through the Visitors Center of the New York Stock Exchange (656-5168). On an average day on the floor of the exchange, 200 million shares are traded.

ROYAL PAINS

by Taki



ONE OF THE MOST embarrassing moments of my life took place in my most favorite of places, Gstaad, Switzerland; in the Eagle Ski Club, to be precise. It was a decade ago, just about this time of year, and I was hosting a small luncheon party in the terrace of the club after a hard morning's skiing. Among my guests was the ex-king of Greece, Constantine II.

When Angelo, the impeccably mannered maître d' of the Eagle Club, approached me for my order, he addressed me, as he always does, as "Your Royal Highness, Prince Taki." Now, I'm hardly the blushing type, but I remember feeling a bit uneasy, especially when I noticed the ex-monarch's right eyebrow do a Papamarkou and shoot upward. (The Greek constitution forbids titles, and the Takis have not used theirs since 1830.) I was doubly embarrassed when the club's ghastly parrot began to screech, "Your Royal Highness! Your Royal Highness!" The king, however, turned out to be a good sport.

Which brings me to the point I wish to make. Wherever I turn nowadays at chic Manhattan gatherings, I seem to run into foreigners whose titles are as real as Ivan Boesky is honest. Even our visitors from the Middle East are now in on the scam.

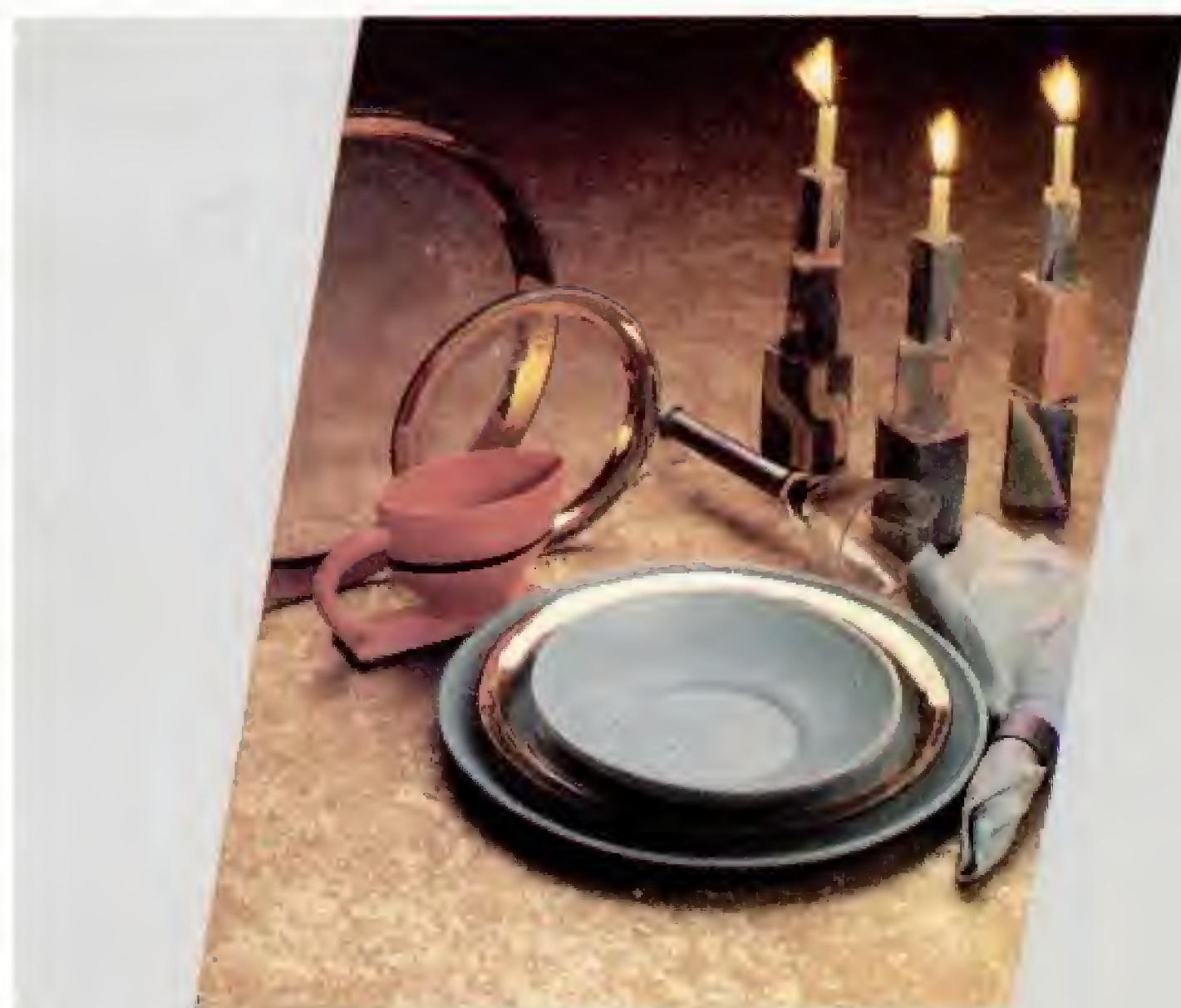
Mind you, New York has a long tradition of attracting phony-titled foreigners. Who among us oldies can forget the marrying Mdivanis, those lovable Romanian rogues, one of whom married Barbara Hutton and whose father admitted that "I must be the only man who inherited his title from his sons"?

Or Prince Romanoff, who owned Romanoff's, the Hollywood restaurant? He had as much to do with the imperial Russian family as, say, Saul Steinberg has with anorexia. Mike Romanoff was a nice guy. He openly admitted that he was a fraud and called himself a prince to attract customers.

Up until 1918 and the fall of the dynasties, it was almost impossible to invent a title. Kings and their hirelings kept busy making sure no one did. Soon after the fall of the Hapsburgs, however, mysterious princes, counts and barons began to appear in the New World, and new ones have been materializing ever since. Who, after all, can expose a phony Lithuanian title? Or, for that matter, an Italian one? The only authoritatively recorded aristocracy is the British one, and as a result, you get fewer phonies carrying around English titles than from elsewhere.

When Anthony Haden-Guest and I were in Rome about 15 years ago, we ran into a fellow who introduced himself as the emperor of Byzantium, the last of the Paleologuses. Now, it just so happens that the Taki clan fought and died defending Constantine Paleologus on that day in 1453 when Mohammed II stormed Constantinople and killed the Christian emperor. When I heard the fellow's claim, I was outraged. The Turks had burned all the records, including most of the city. The man was an obvious phony, but the onus of proof was on me. Rather than burden ourselves with the research, Anthony and I did the next best thing. We brought a fishing rod into the opera house, and while Mimi was dying in *La Bohème* we managed to lower the hook until it caught in his toupee and pulled it off. Even Rodolfo had to laugh.

Which goes to prove that phony-titled folk are to be found everywhere. The



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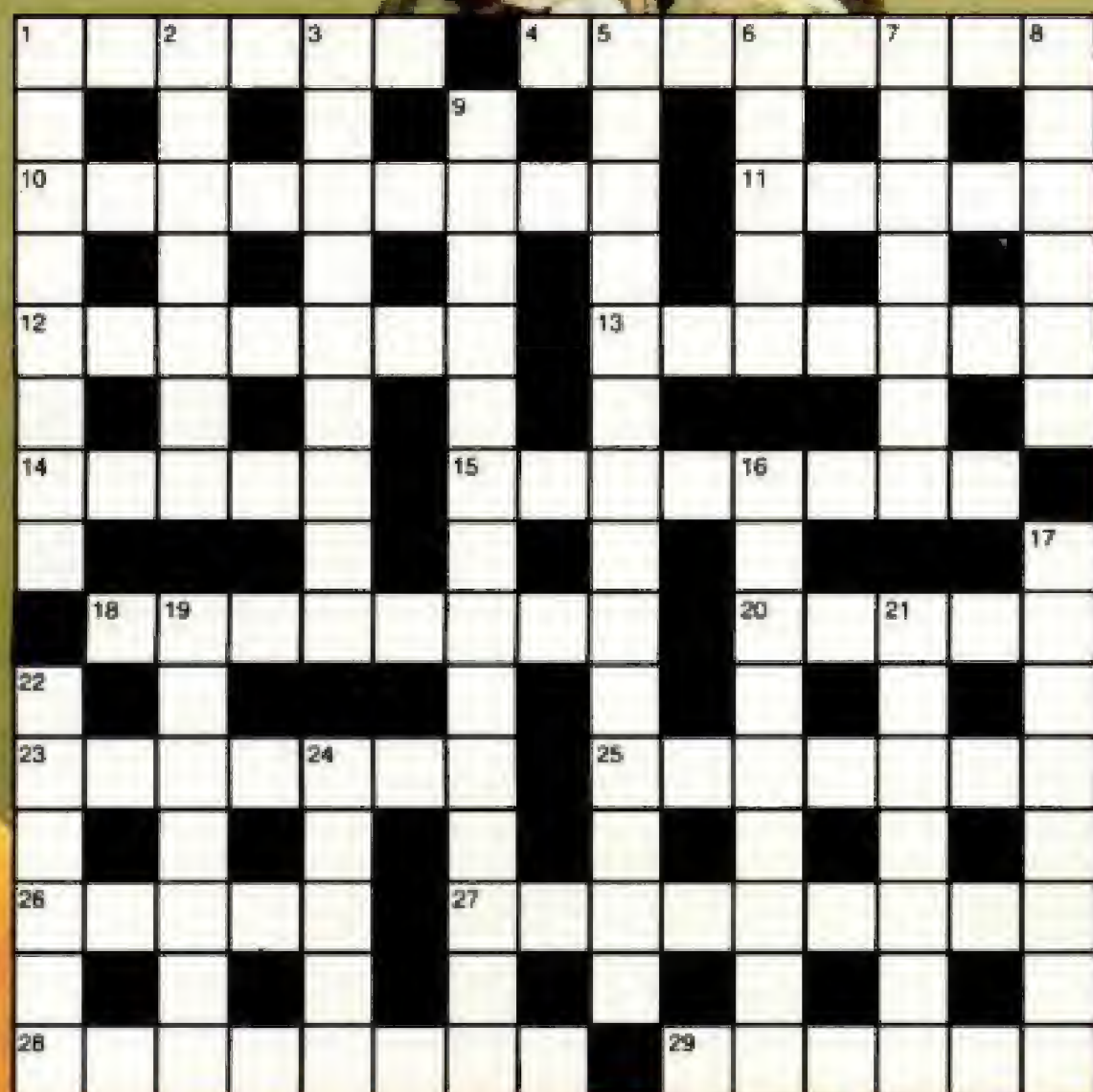
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worst offenders are the Italians, as their last king, Umberto II, created a lot of titles just prior to his exile in 1946. They are called propeller titles, as many of them were doled out as the monarch waved goodbye to his supporters at the airport.

After the Italians, the French are the worst offenders in phony titles, followed by the Germans. The Belgians, the Dutch, the Scandinavians and the Spanish all still have monarchies, so it is almost impossible to cheat in those countries. Yet they do manage it at times. I ran into a Belgian in Palm Beach whom I knew in Brussels as Monsieur but who was introduced to me as Comte in Florida. The funny thing was that my hostess—gra-

cious, but gullible—actually curtsied before him. And speaking of curtsies, who will ever forget the picture of Lee Annenberg prostrating herself as the heir to the British throne disembarked from his aircraft? She had obviously learned her curtsy from old Hollywood films. As a representative of the U.S. government—she was chief of protocol back then—she was required simply to shake hands, not to take a dive. But her snobbishness ran away with her better judgment. Americans fought a war in order never to have to bow or curtsy. If matters don't improve soon, I shall have to begin writing my column under the byline HRH Prince Taki of 10021. ☺



THE UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

1. Sounds almost like Dad's not so difficult, but not where they eat frogs (3,3).
 4. Breakdown in diplomacy may lead to secondhand fiasco (4,4).
 10. Cowboy has a vessel, couple of articles in border town (9).
 11. Whence spuds—oh, a drill instructor! About-face! (5).
 12. Uranium, right on! Earth explodes in narrow passage (7).
 13. Points to intimate

organ? Not *here* (7).

14. Little brother won a Nobel—appalling to hear (5).
 15. Essential, where nobody but us chickens are (pre-New Testament) (8).
 18. Powerful insect eats hall of ivy (8).
 20. Remember this: Crimson Tide has a way of doing things (5).
 23. Ink not available where Letterman's from (7).
 25. Hunan is, and used to be (3,4).

26. Idi at climax is sort of acid (5).

27. Dane, not at all crazy, weighed down by small remarks (9).

28. Major swag for lardass (3,5).

29. Eartha didn't get it together the way *she* has, in all respect (6).

DOWN

1. Medication coats most of butt chewed by fierce dogs (3,5).

2. Age at which "she's got to have about half a million famed autographs," sang

Chuck (7).

3. Worries surround Charles, but what's a movie without them? (3,6).

5. Presumptuous to tell 29 what to do with a marimba (5,4,5).

6. Dingy, messy, but easier than comedy (5).

7. Off a loss? The contrary: upside of intermittance (2,5).

8. Abbreviated morning drink obscene in England (6).

9. Overshooting palindrome, rock star

introduces himself (or says he's hard) (5,2,4,3).

16. Couple of ways amid tumult to provide Friars Club fare (5,4).

17. Democracy is one, Democrats need one (4,4).

19. Remaining this way is harder than being uncomic (7).

21. All you read in the paper is regarding best-seller (5,2).

22. Arabic arbitrator holds answer to Samstat's complaint (6).

24. A double negative is just not done (1, 2-2).

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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

Since this month's puzzle is so international (one entry is the name of a foreign country and another is in French), I am going to let you in on what I have learned about the situation in Iran. I was grounded in the Gander, Newfoundland, airport recently along with two Iranians fresh out of Tehran. They told me you can only get electricity there a few hours a day and that you never know when those hours will be. Living conditions are so bad that the Ayatollah's approval rating is at rock bottom. In fact, the people probably wouldn't put up with him a moment longer, except that they believe he is God. That is all he has going for him. And the cabdrivers in Tehran don't even believe that.

On the domestic front, people have actually said to me that they doubt this feature here is a real, workable puzzle. O ye of little faith!

—R.B.

ACROSS

1. Right off the bat we've got something problematic. In a British crossword, you wouldn't have "sounds almost like" (*Pa's ici*, almost like "Pa's easy"). Nor would the answer be in French. But listen, we're a rough-and-ready young nation where anything goes. Compared with England.

4. Call this wimpy antinuke politics if you like, but would a blame-America-first puzzle refer to France as "where they eat frogs"?

10. An ark is a vessel and *an* and *a* are a couple of articles. I was going to say, "Cowboy has secrets,

sounds almost like," but I figured that was pushing this "sounds almost like" dodge too far.

13. *E* and *N* are points of the compass. Reference to English reserve. (Over there, they don't point to glands—unless it's absolutely necessary, as in surgery—or explain crossword puzzle clues. Or apologize for them. Over here, though, we do. I'm sorry for all of these so far.)

15. "Nobody in here but us chickens." Right? Oh, come on.

20. Alabama is the Crimson Tide. In sports. Their crossword team swamped Ole Miss recently.

25. Spicy-hot, but not so trendy as it once was. A little Chinese joke, except too scrutable.

26. Climax equals orgasm equals the big O.

27. A little commentary on *Hamlet* scholarship, you might call this, if you cared at all. But why should you? Like everyone else these days, you just want to get in and out of this puzzle quick.

DOWN

1. Medication is pills. "Most of butt chewed" is *btu*. That's the way we do things around here, and if you don't like it, you can start your own puzzle. That's the American way.

8. Some people have taken to calling a Bloody Mary a Bloody. Thereby playing into my hands.

19. Cf. 6.

21. The best-seller referred to is *It*. Why don't news vendors holler "Read all about it" anymore? Not to mention "Wuxtry." They don't holler anything anymore. It's a major scandal. If I thought of calling a book *It*, millions of people would buy it too, I betcha. No they wouldn't, I'm just saying that. But how many crossword puzzles does Stephen King have to his credit?

22. Rachel Samstat is the heroine of *Heartburn*. Look around in the phrase "arabic arbitrator." See anything in there? Maybe a *bicarb*? See? See? If I thought of calling a book *Heartburn*, millions of people would buy it too, I betcha. ☺



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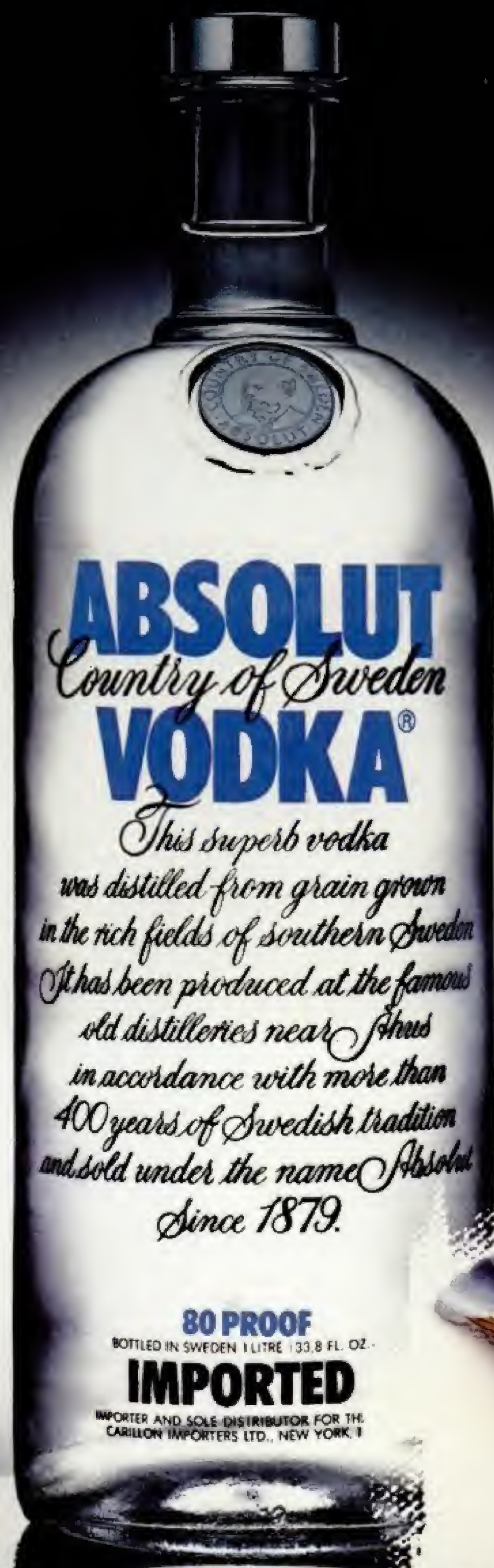
to ride the subway, but in our New, Improved New York it's frightening and fun. The IRT Tornado, the fastest and most daredevilish of the Transit Authority's five shortcut roller-coaster shuttle trains, thunders and screeches from 53rd and Madison to Times Square in 16 seconds flat—including the extra 1.5 seconds for the loop-the-loop through Rockefeller Center. The new above-ground track sections were designed and constructed by New York City high school shop students. On the Tornado and the other shortcut trains, the problem of punks riding between cars pretty well takes care of itself; delays due to switching problems or track fires are a thing of the dark, subterranean past—and when the doors accidentally open at 75 mph, 560 feet up, the thrills get really chilling. ☞

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